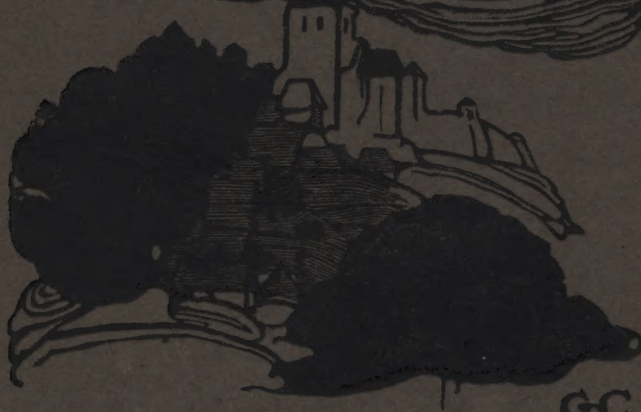
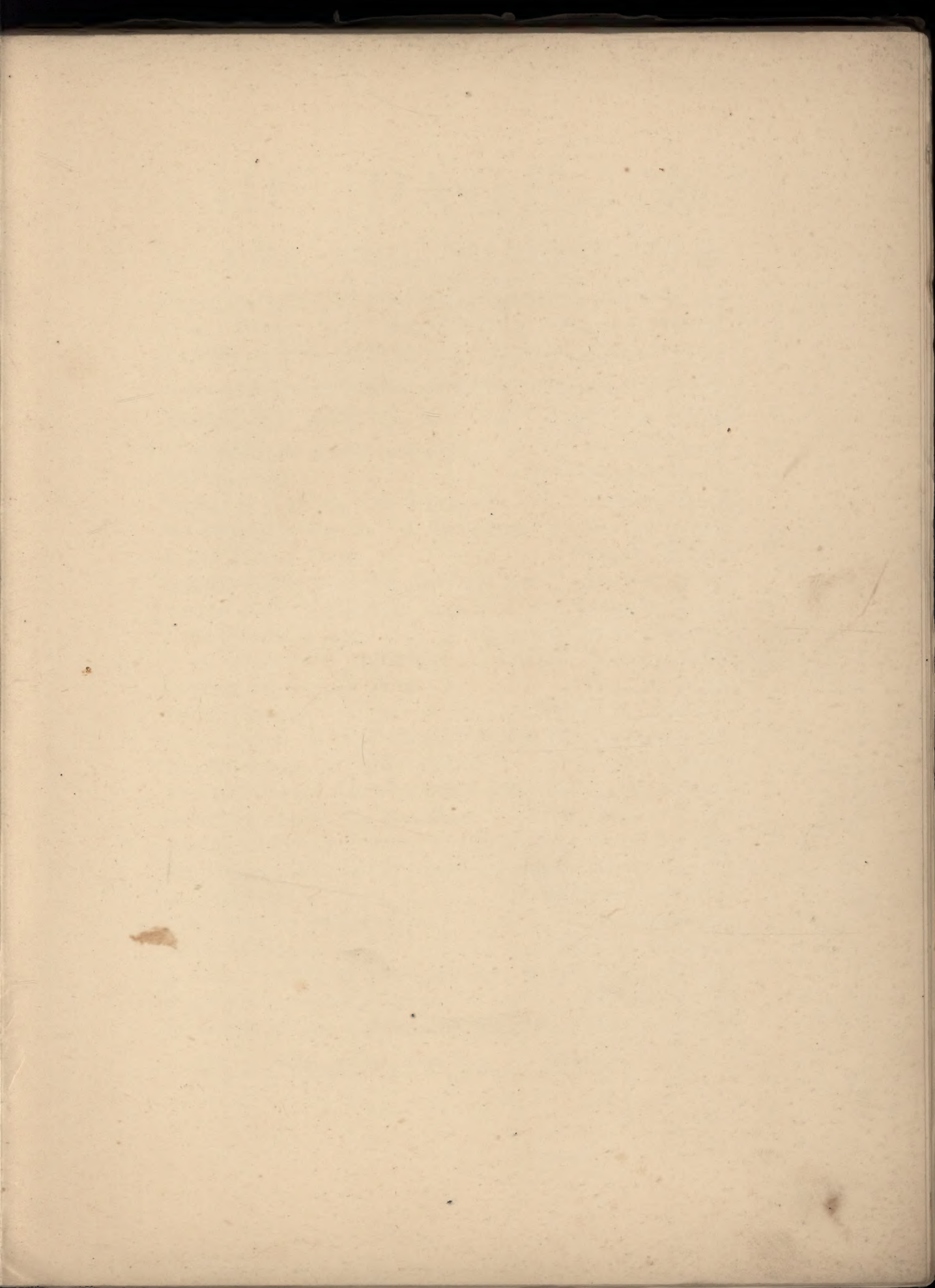


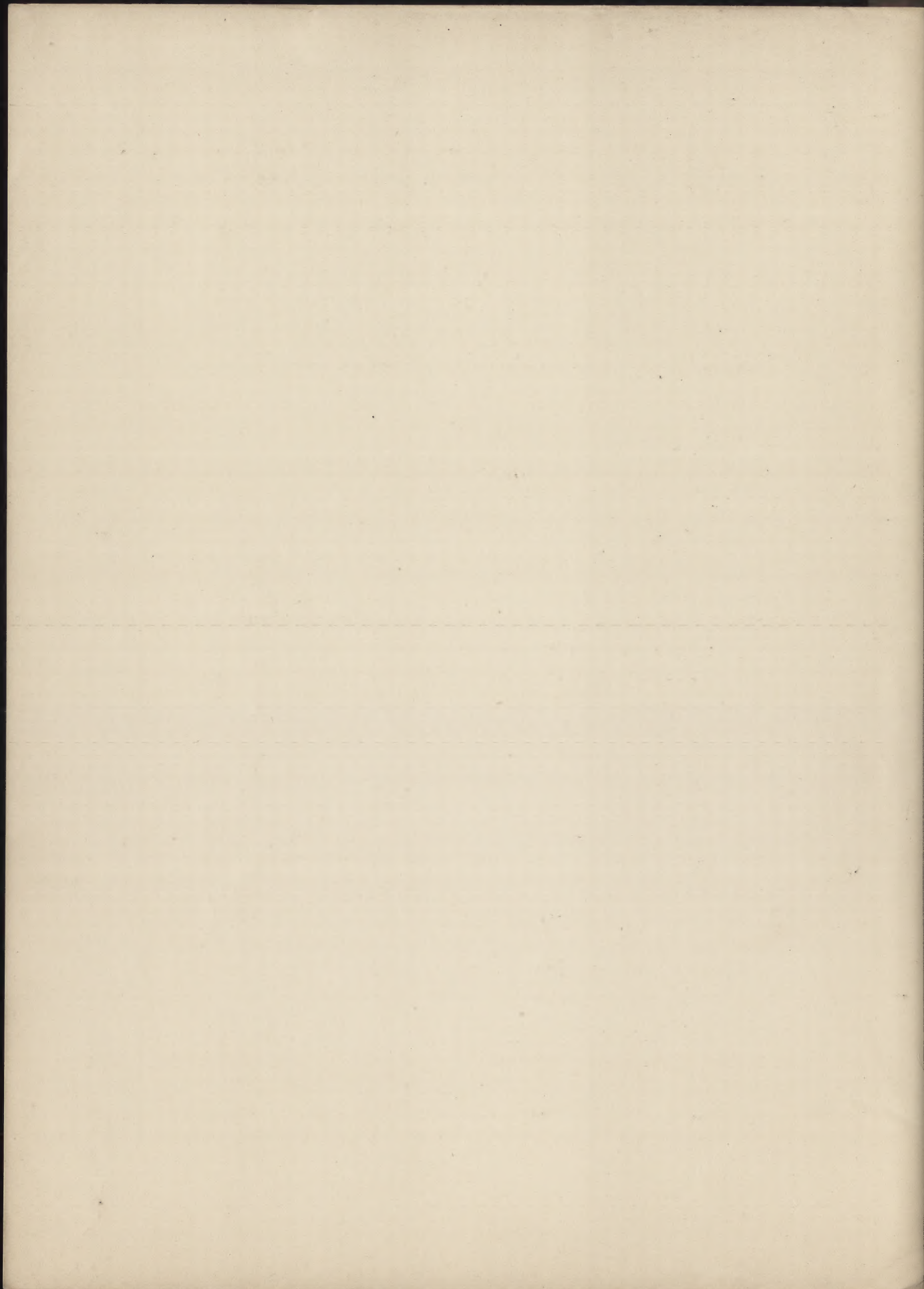
The Page



Hackbridge

**Volume Two,
Number Four**





THE PAGE.

VOLUME TWO, NUMBER FOUR.

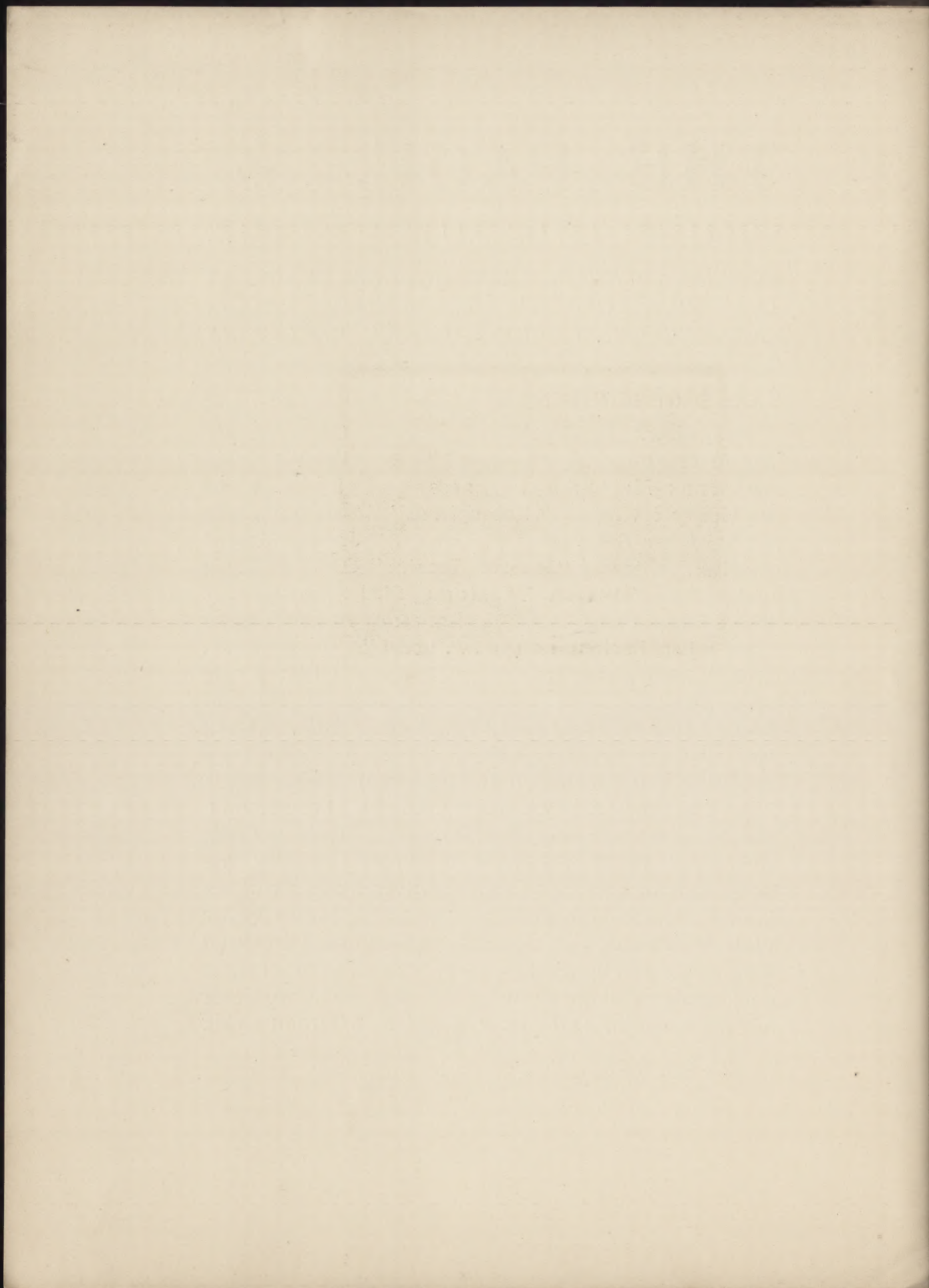
*PUBLISHED BY EDWARD GORDON CRAIG, AT
THE SIGN OF THE ROSE, HACKBRIDGE,
CARSHALTON, SURREY, ENGLAND, MDCCCXCIX*

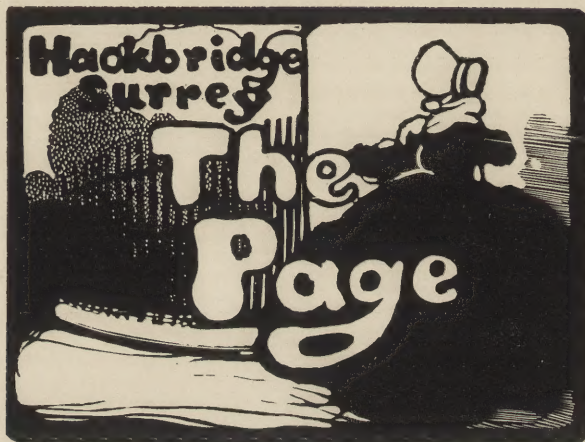
TABLE OF CONTENTS.

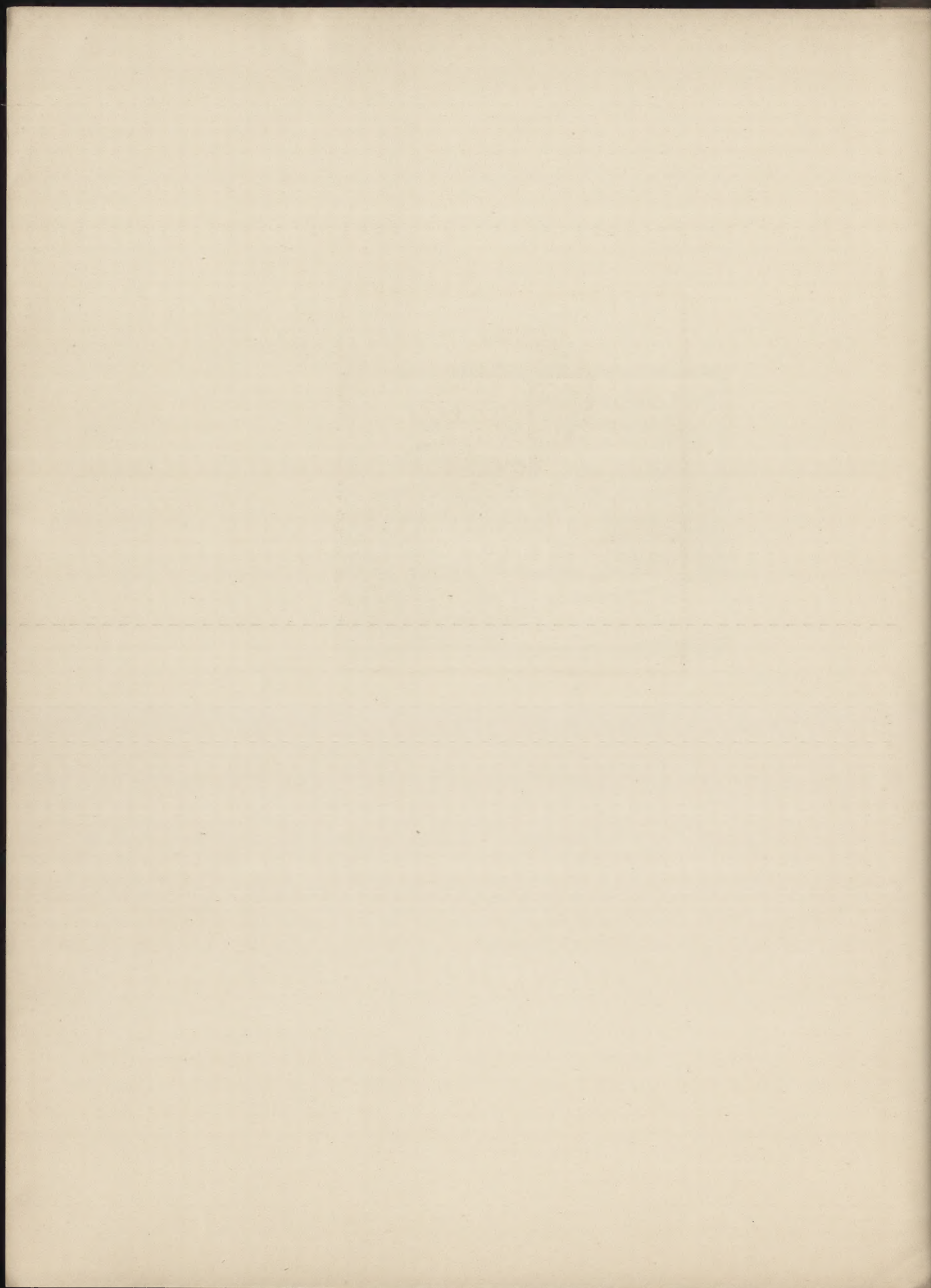
A Head=dress (hand coloured)	Gordon Craig
The Merman	Gordon Craig
Nocturne : Music and Darkness	Esther Wood
Sir Henry Irving as "Robespierre"	Gordon Craig
A Christmas Song	Joseph Moorat
Charles Fechter as "Robert Macaire"	Gordon Craig
Design for a Theatrical Costume	Sir E. Burne-Jones
A Bed-Time Song	Laurence Alma Tadema
"Loe, when back mine eye . . . I cast"	Oliver Bath.
Concerning Penny Toys	Gordon Craig
Three Designs	Charles E. Dawson
Cover Label for The Page, Volume I.	Oliver Bath
The Oil=Cake Crusher—verses	John Dare
The Oil=Cake Crushers (hand coloured)	Gordon Craig
From the Diary of a Madman	Christopher St. John
The Equestrienne (hand coloured)	Gordon Craig
M ^{me} Sarah Bernhardt (hand coloured)	Gordon Craig
De Lunatico	Oliver Madox Hueffer
John Peel (a colour print)	James Pryde
Walt Whitman	Samuel Drayton
A Song : words by Shakespeare	Sir A. C. Mackenzie
Book=plate of John Drew	Gordon Craig
Advertisements, Tail=pieces, Etcetra	Gordon Craig

ERRATA--FOR "OIL-CAKE CRUSHER," READ "PHCEBUS."

ADDITIONAL CONTENTS:--OLD FAMILIAR FACES, G. C.; THE LACQUEY, G. C.; MAJUBA, G. C.



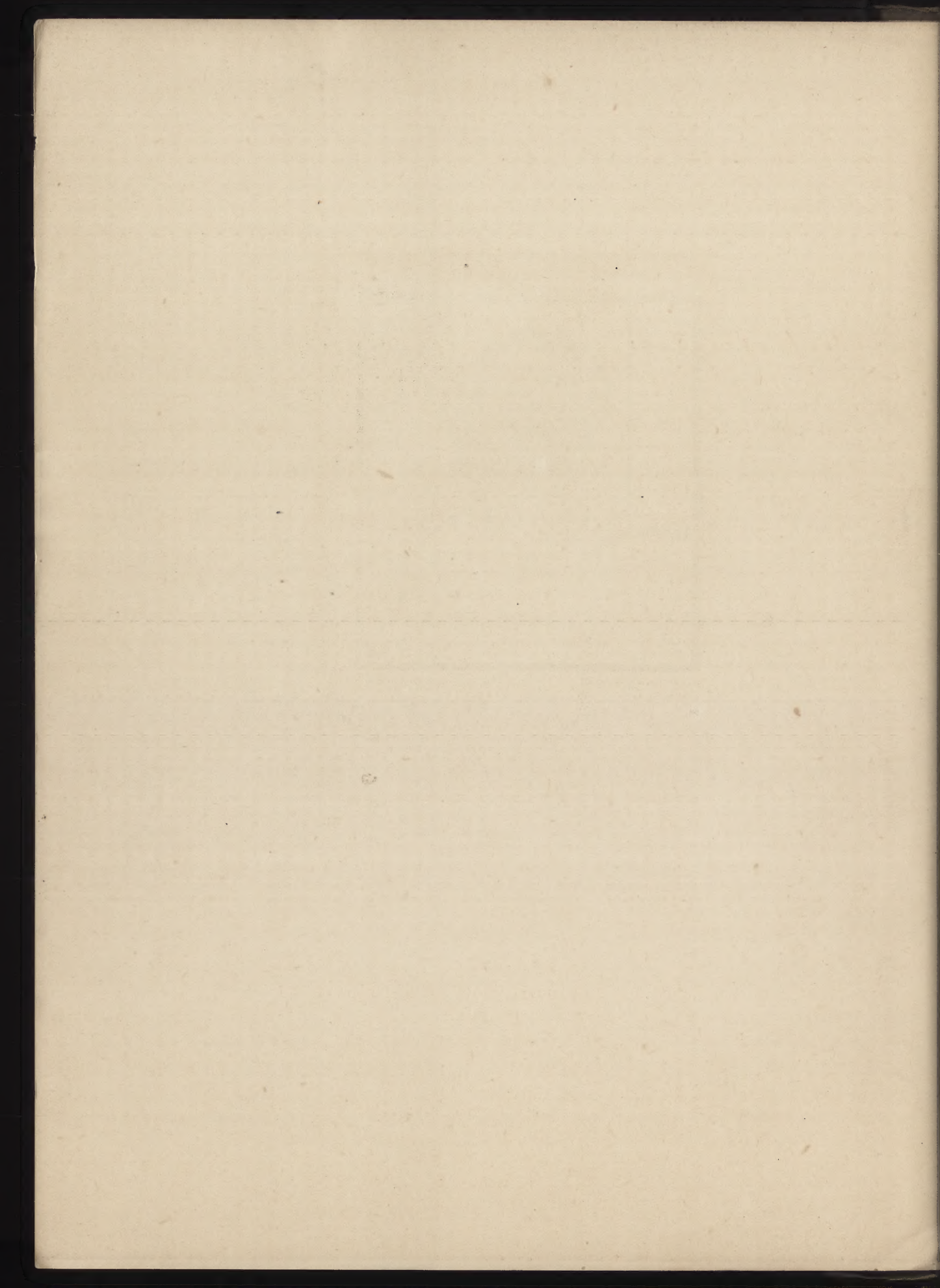


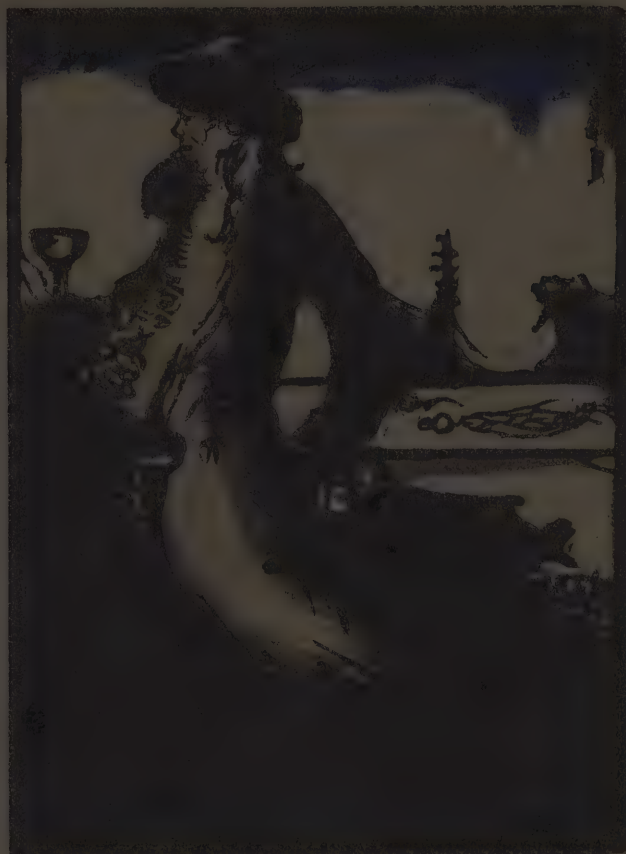




DESIGN FOR HEAD-DRESS.

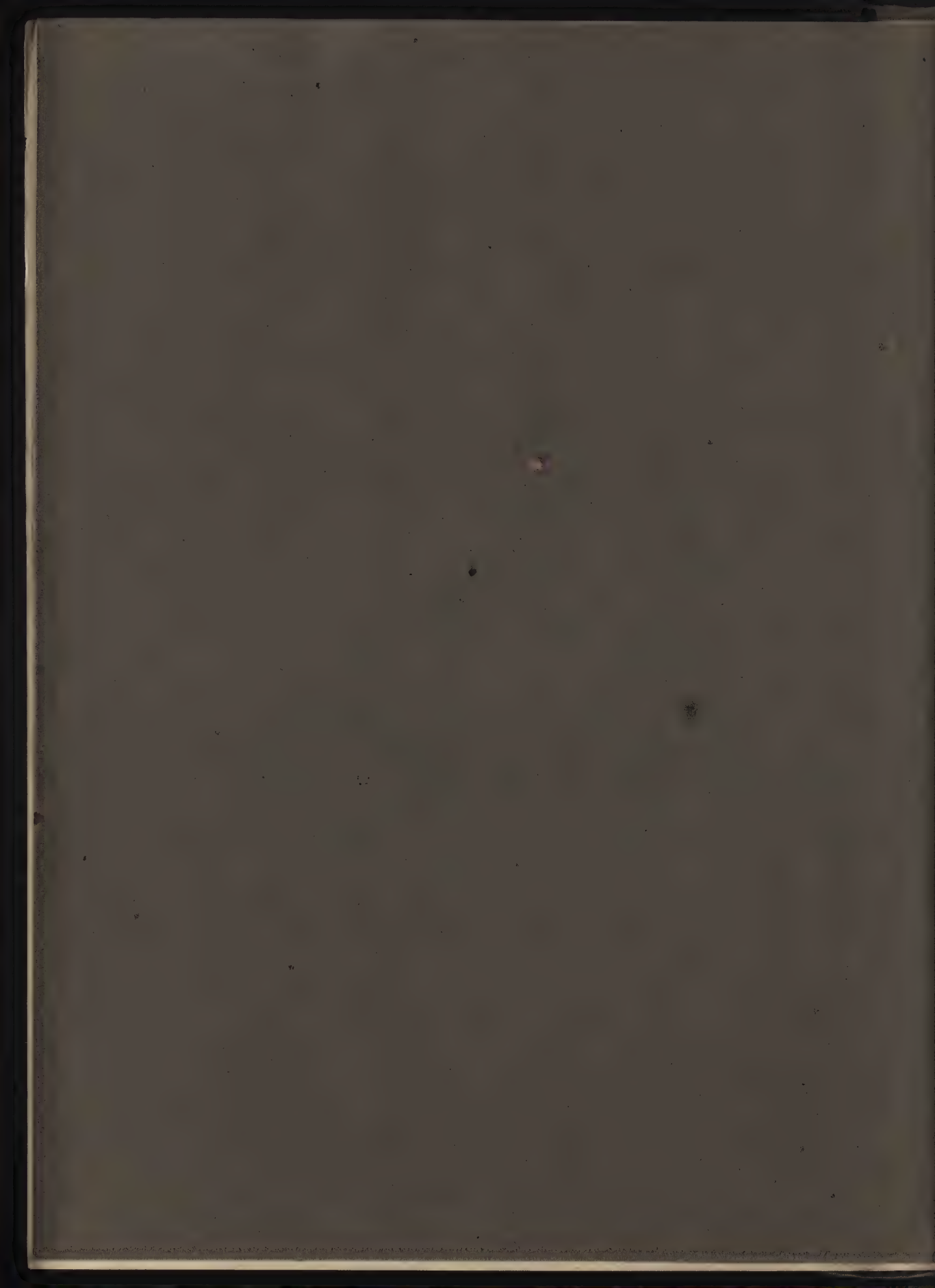
ENGRAVED BY EDWARD GORDON CRAIG.





THE MERMAN.

DESIGNED & ENGRAVED BY EDWARD GORDON CRAIG.



NOCTURNE : MUSIC & DARKNESS

(*PÉLLEAS AND MÉLISANDE*).

We press along the crowded street,
We hear the overture begun ;
The flaring footlights fan the heat
The players enter one by one.

A mystic music wails and dies
Between the voices and their speech ;
It leaves us with entranced eyes,
And leaning closer each to each.

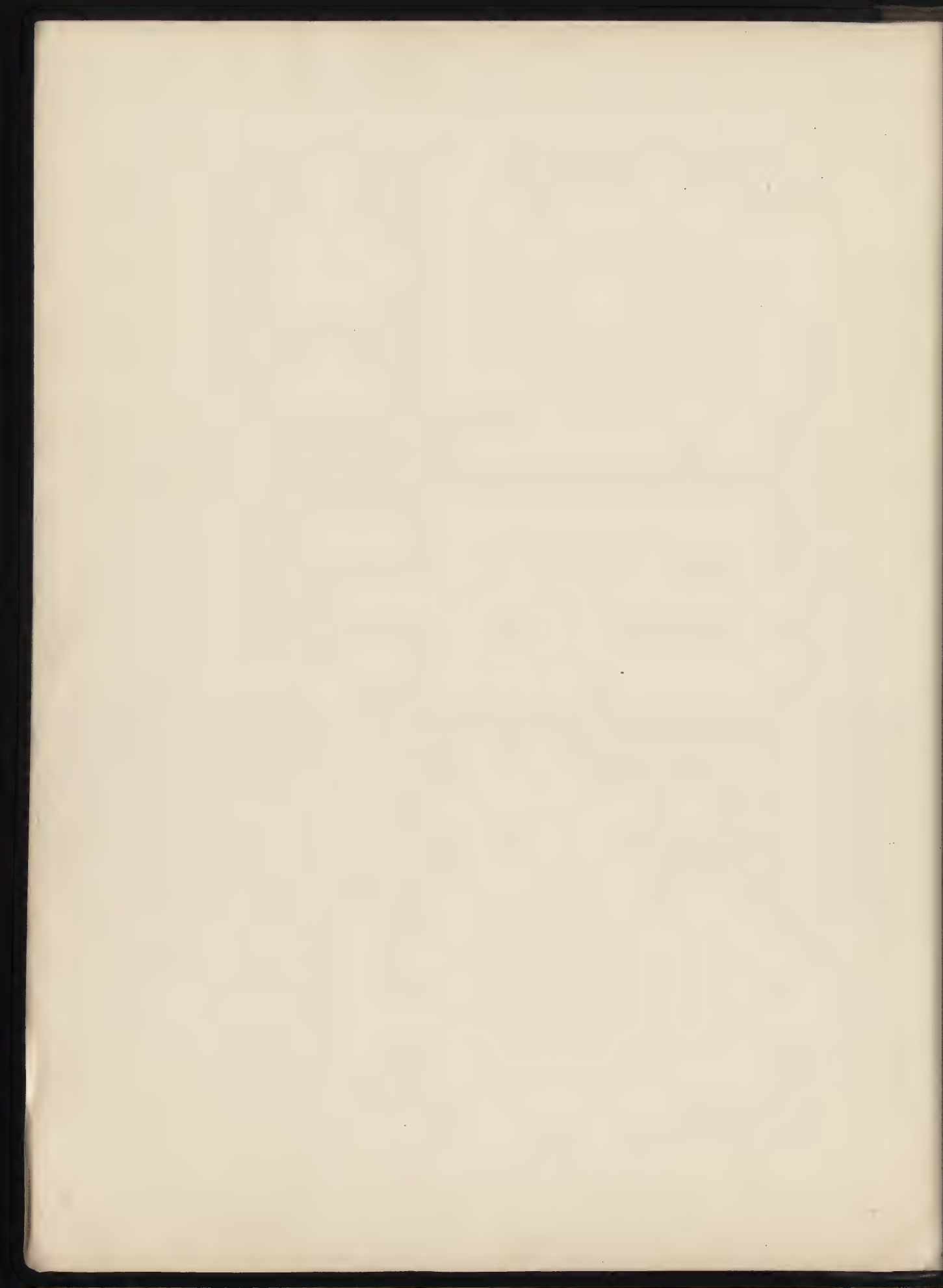
O love how sweet the darkness is !
It comforts us like warmth and wine :
And in its utmost silences
Your fingers knit themselves to mine.

Far off the players turn about :
I have your hands—ah, let them be !
Their pulses beat the music out
And sing its burden close to me.

But who is this that moves and grieves
Alive before us in the light,—
And all the web of sorrow weaves
For us that were so glad to-night ?

O is it we ourselves that strive
So sorely in the gods' disdain,
And for their envious favours give
Mysterious guerdon of our pain ?

And is it thou and I that stand
Aghast, forsaken, thrust apart,—
Yet each for each obscurely planned,
Body for body's counterpart ?

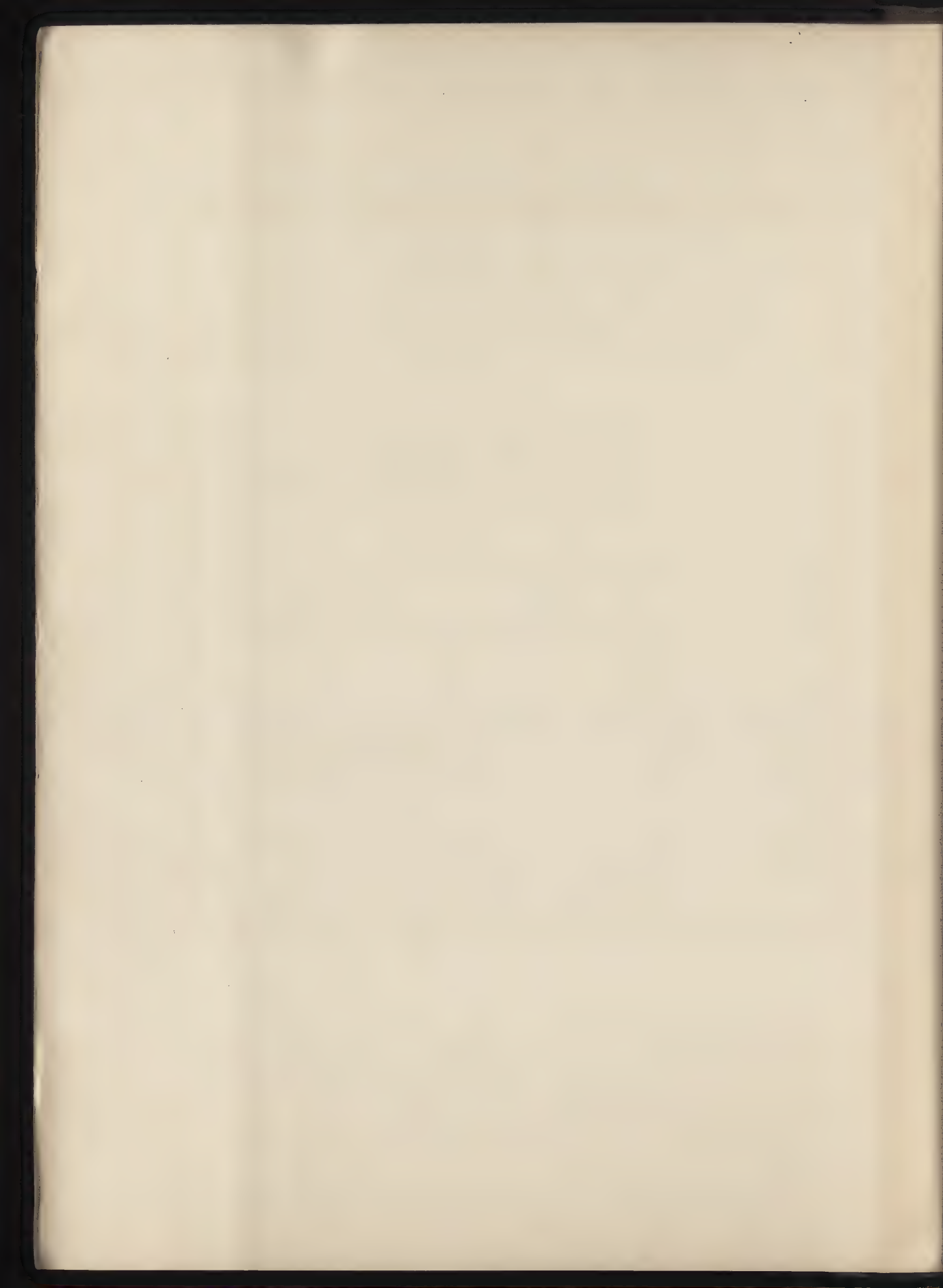


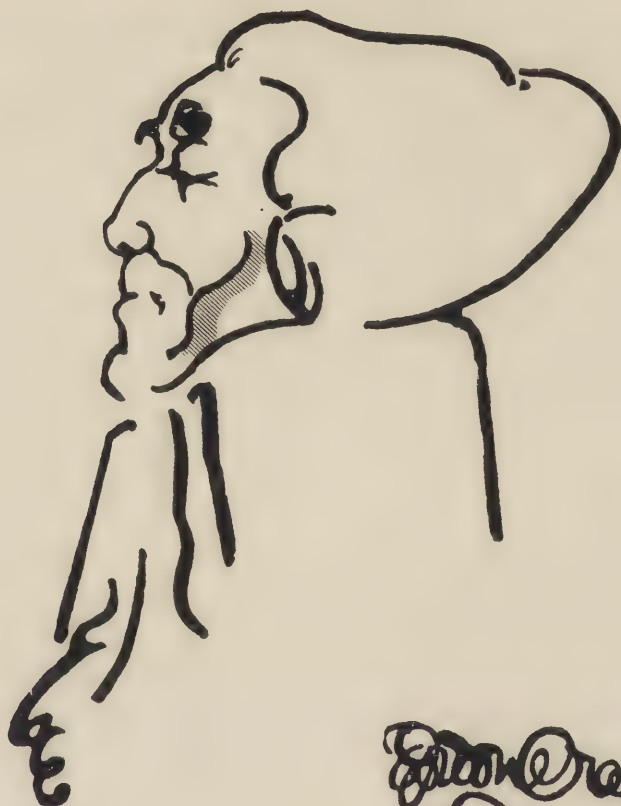
The curtain hides their love at last ;
And ours, returning with our tears,
Floods the o'erwhelming moment fast
With all the joys of all the years.

For in the pulse beneath my palm
Music and love make one full tide,
Whose murmured rhythm pours its balm
About my heart, against my side.

And now the empty stage has rest ;
The vibrant strings are scarcely heard.
— O give me darkness at your breast,
And music of your whispered word !

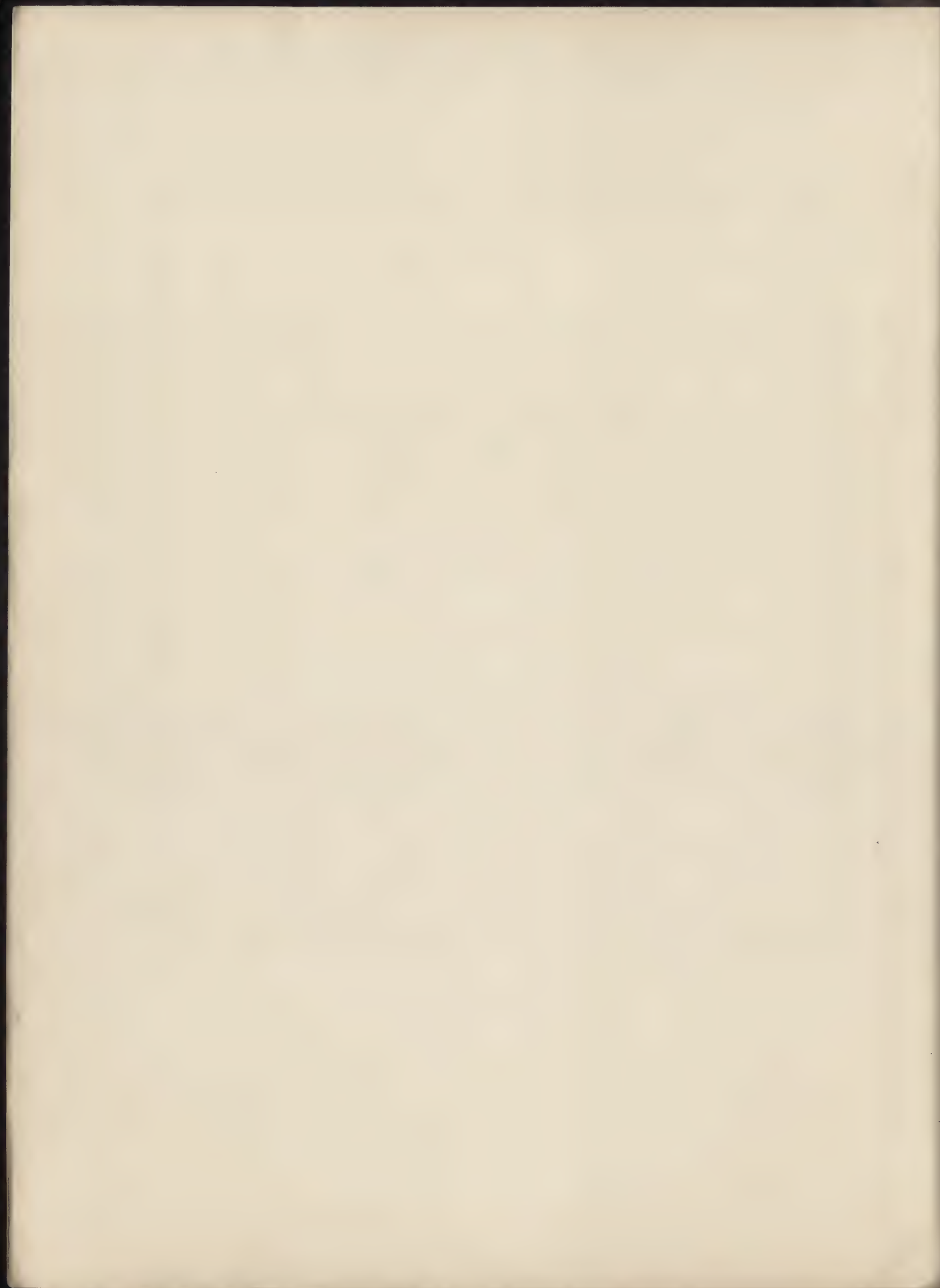






Sam Craig

29



THE SNOW LAY ON THE GROUND.

The snow lay on the ground,
The stars shone bright,
When Christ our Lord was born
On Christmas night.

'Twas Mary, daughter pure
Of Holy Anne,
That brought into this world
The God-made man.

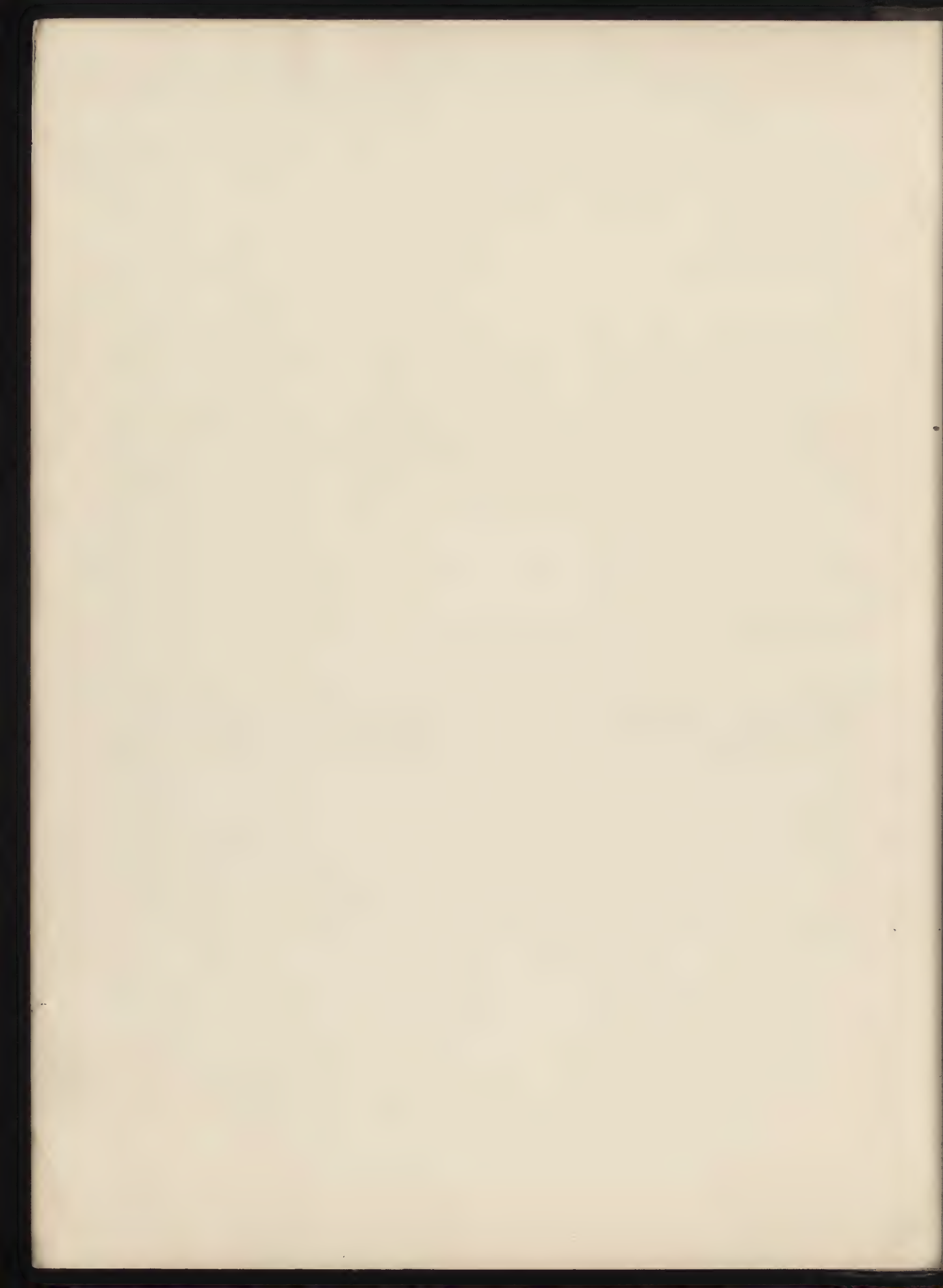
She laid Him in a stall
At Bethlehem,
The ass and oxen shared
The roof with them.

St Joseph too was by
To tend the child,
To guard Him and protect
His mother mild.

The angels hover'd round,
And sung this song :
Venite adoremus
Dominum.

And then that manger poor
Became a throne,
For He whom Mary bore
Was God the Son.

O come then let us join
The heavenly host,
To praise the Father, Son,
And Holy Ghost.



A CHRISTMAS SONG.

DESIGNED BY PAUL WOODROFFE.

Andantino

p

The snow lay on the

ground The stars shone bright When Christ ^{our} Lord was



p. sempre.

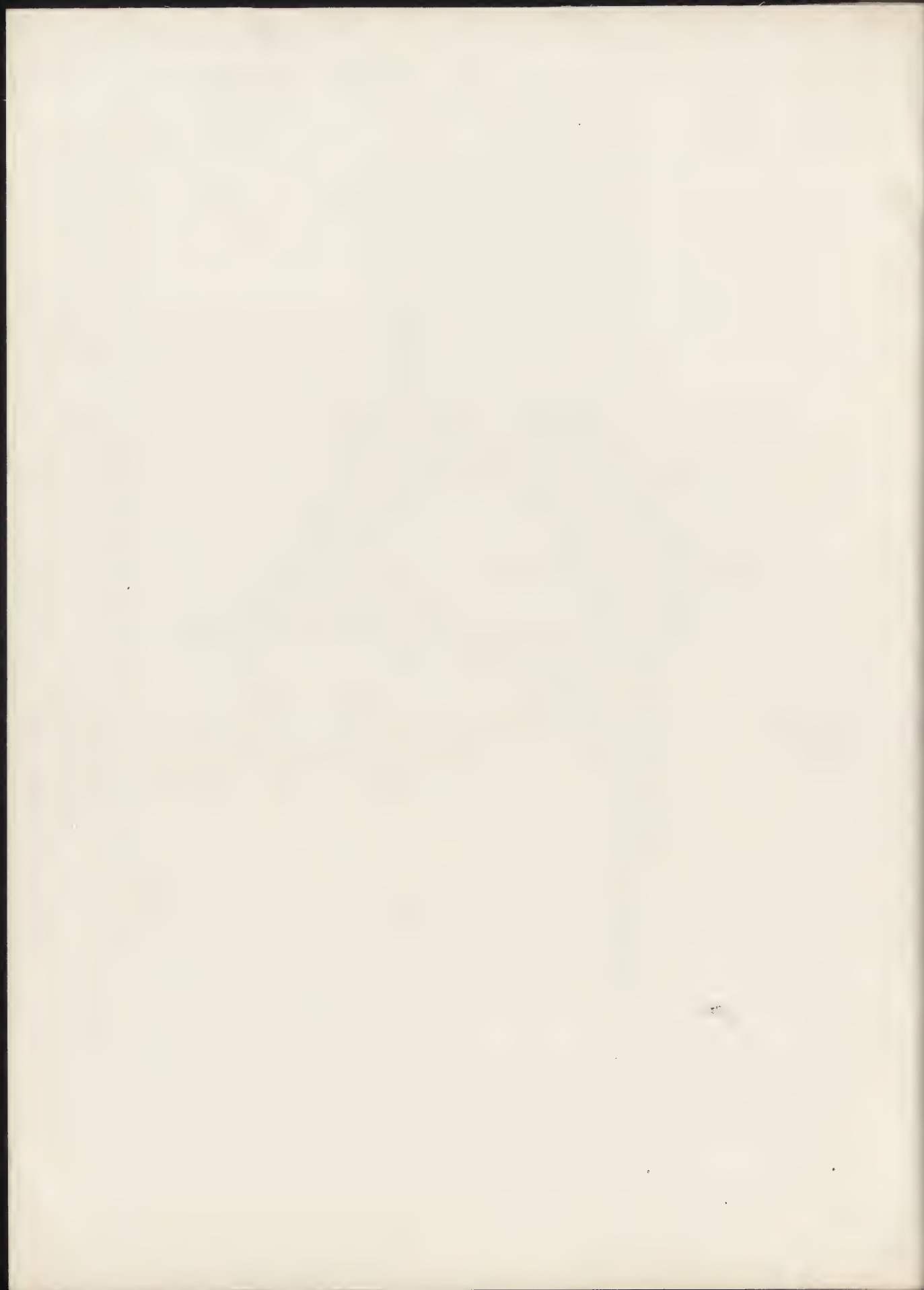
born On Christmas night Ve-ni-te a-do

re-mus Do-min-um

By Joseph Moorat



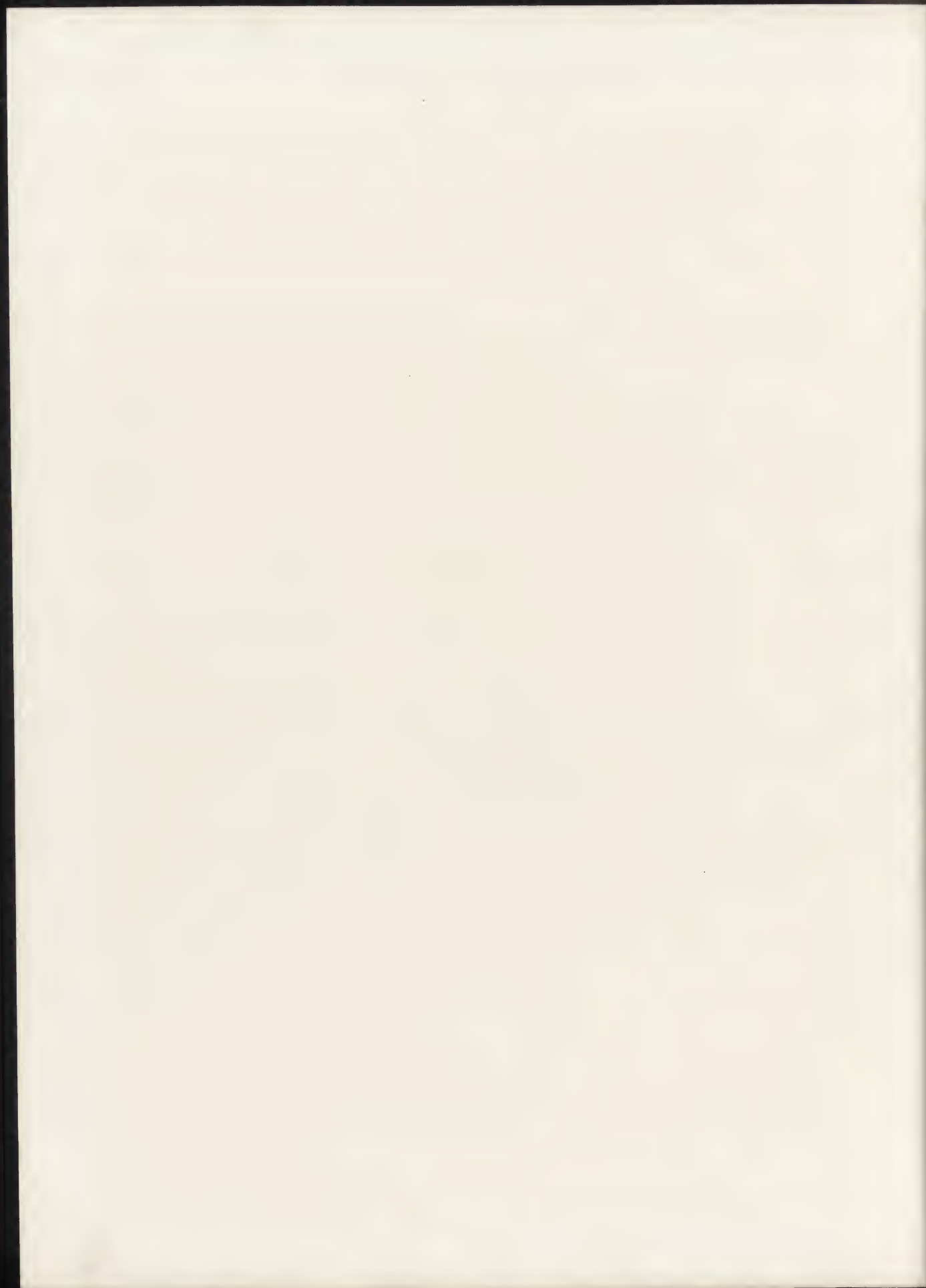






DESIGN FOR THEATRICAL COSTUME.

SIR EDWARD BURNE JONES.



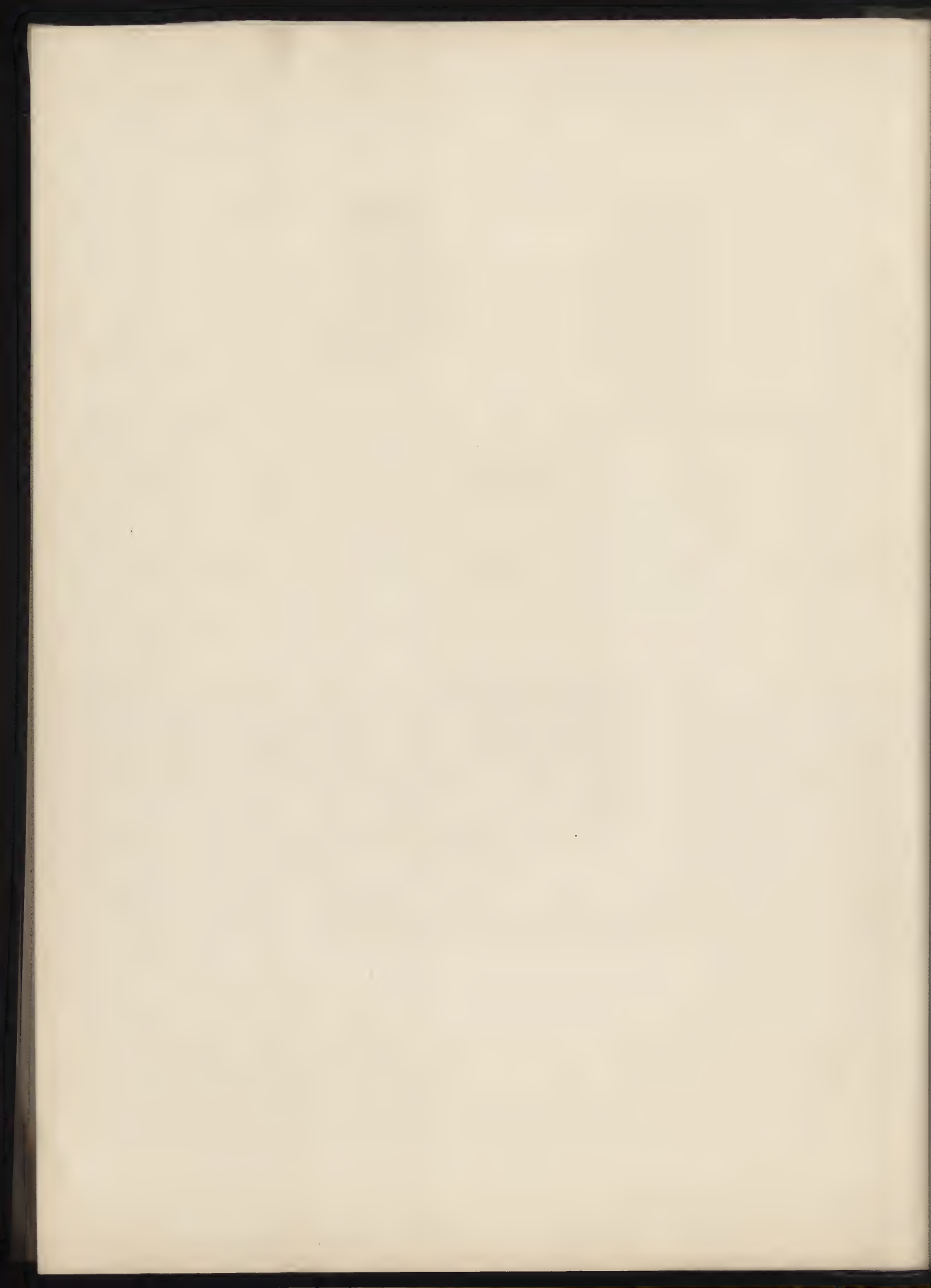
♣ A BED-TIME SONG.

Bat, bat, that flies at night
When angel's breath has blown the light,
When all the bees are hived in bed
And swallow sleeps with hidden head.

Songless birds ! until this hour,
Amid the bells in the ivy-tower
Have you hung dreaming in your house ?
Are you a living winged mouse ?

Bat, bat, I often doubt ;
And when I see you flit about,
I wonder if the dead birds roam
In circles round their nestling home. . .





• • LOE, WHEN BACK MINE EYE, PILGRIM LIKE I CAST. • •



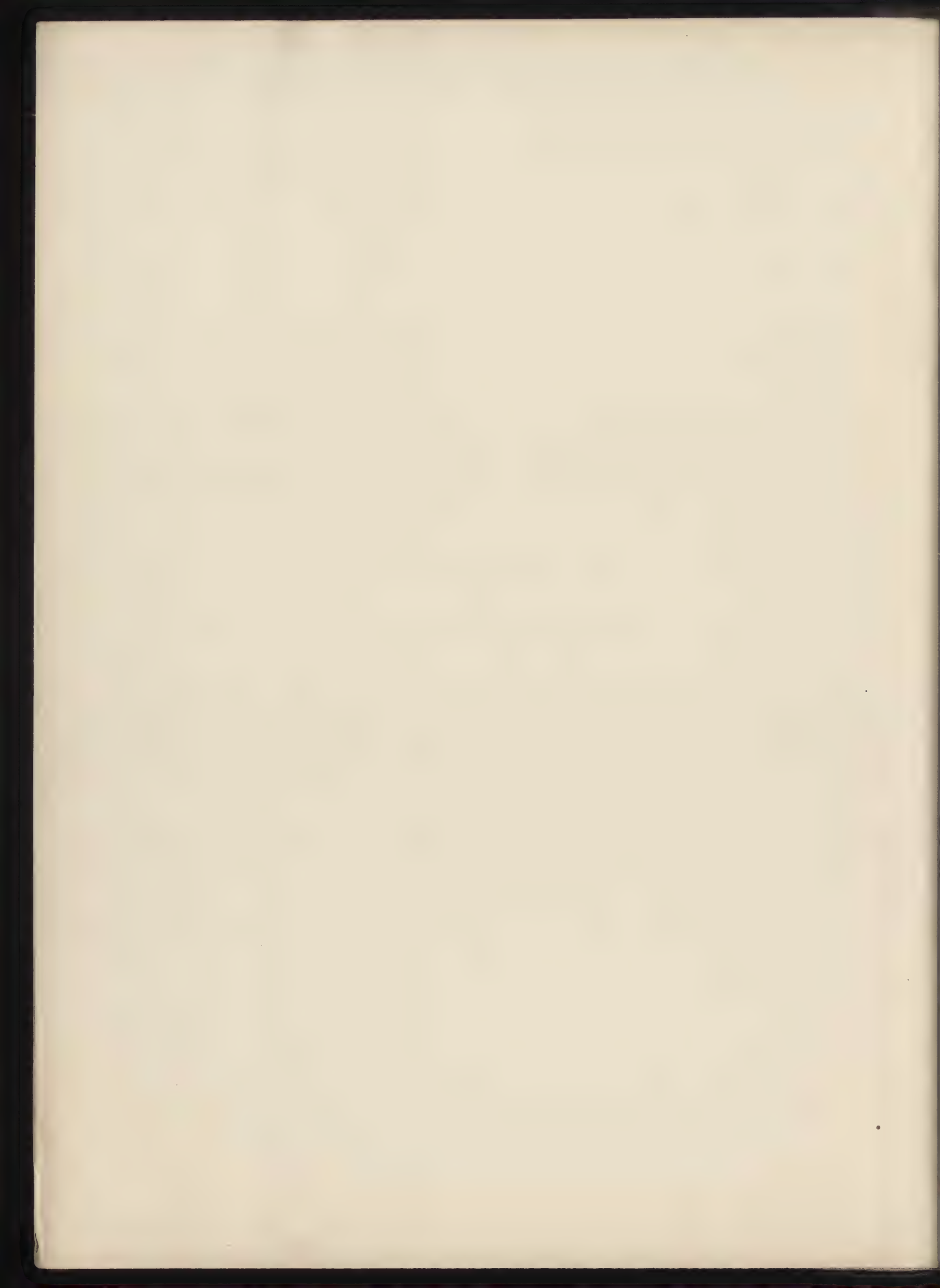
THIS MARVELLOUS PICTURE HAS BEEN DESIGNED AND ENGRAVED BY OLIVER BATH.



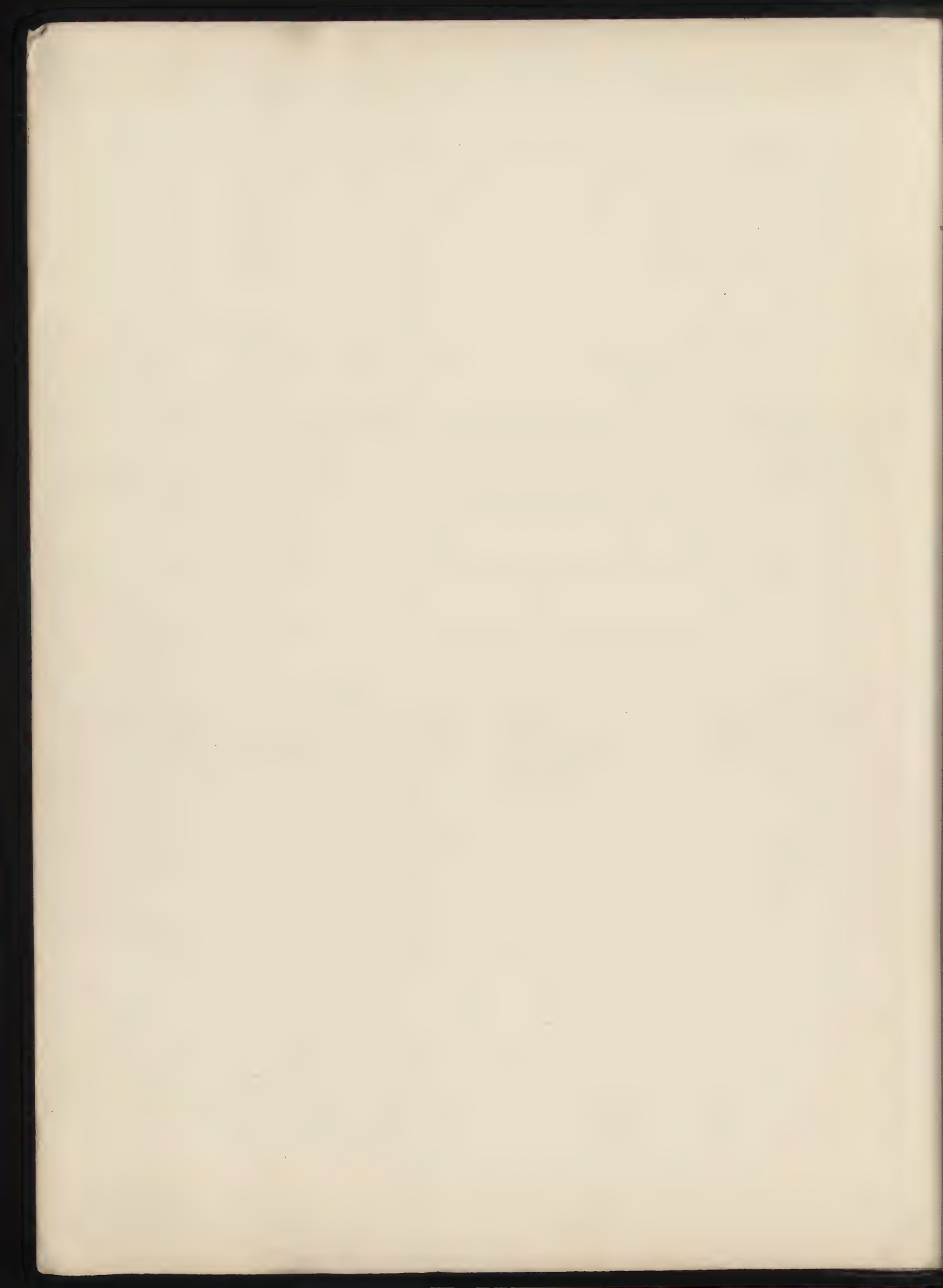
🐼 GORDON CRAIG'S 🐼
BOOK OF PENNY TOYS.

PUBLISHED AT THE SIGN OF THE ROSE,
HACKBRIDGE, CARSHALTON, SURREY, ENGLAND

THE Book consists of 20 original Drawings of 20 Penny Wooden Toys, 20 Tailpieces (mostly wood-cuts), and 20 verses. No inferior metal toys are introduced. Metal toys are warranted to injure children and break more easily than those made of wood or paper. 🐼 Besides all this the wooden toys are far more interesting, have more expression, and are of a beautiful colour. Perfect things in their way—humorous, delightful, and the older they are (the earlier made) the better the make. For instance, the “Monkey up a Stick,” good as he is, is but a descendant from the “Admiral up a Stick,” or one can call him “Nelson attempting to mount his Column in Trafalgar Square.” A long name, but to the point. This toy I take to have been originally made in about 1799, but age, honour, and beauty are of little account in the shop of the toy-seller. When I bought my Admiral, I asked for his name, and was told they called him “White Monkey”—that never could have been the name in 1799—was it perhaps “Lord Nelson”? 🐼 Another fine toy is what I know as “The Oilcake Crusher”—a toy of red, black, and white wood. A little man, with hat on head, turns a handle (when you turn another handle) and makes several heavy organ-pipe like beams rise and fall. The fall crushes the cake—or rather, that is their intention. 🐼 It took a great artist to dream



this toy, and a great craftsman to make it. It is as intricate in plot as are the stories by Dumas (Papa). Then there are the expressionistic toys, the noisy toys, and so on. Each one as clever as it can stick. ♣ The four roundabout horses must be difficult to make. They are certainly difficult to beat. I call them "The three musketeers and D'Artagnan." Are they not "One for all, all, for one"—one penny? With but the tiniest space between the horses, and fixed on a flat circular piece of wood, above them a triumphal arch, they revolve, chasing each other round a pole, never satisfied, for ever moving as one man to the sound of Moorish music, which rises from beneath their feet. ♣ In all these toys, search how you may, you'll find no suspicion of anything that is fearful. The little Duck seems to have no care for the approaching Spring, and the Cock will not cry at the sight of the sun. The Dog, all patience, refuses to beg, and the tail of the Peacock is carefully clipped lest it trail in the dust. ♣ In fact, in every way the penny wooden toy is as superior to a sixpenny metal one, as the Wooden War Ship "Victory" is to H.M.S. "Horrible"—Ironclad. ♣ In an old cupboard, behind the little panes of glass, they look far more beautiful than most china, and a mass of them make a blaze of colour not to be beaten. It is difficult to get an "Oilcake Crusher" or an "Admiral" now-a-days. I believe these might be labelled "out of print." ♣ The games to be played with them are without an end. Five shillings will buy 60 toys at least. Sixty toys flashing brilliantly on a white cloth after tea, with a couple of excitable children opposite you, and you taste the dearest joy

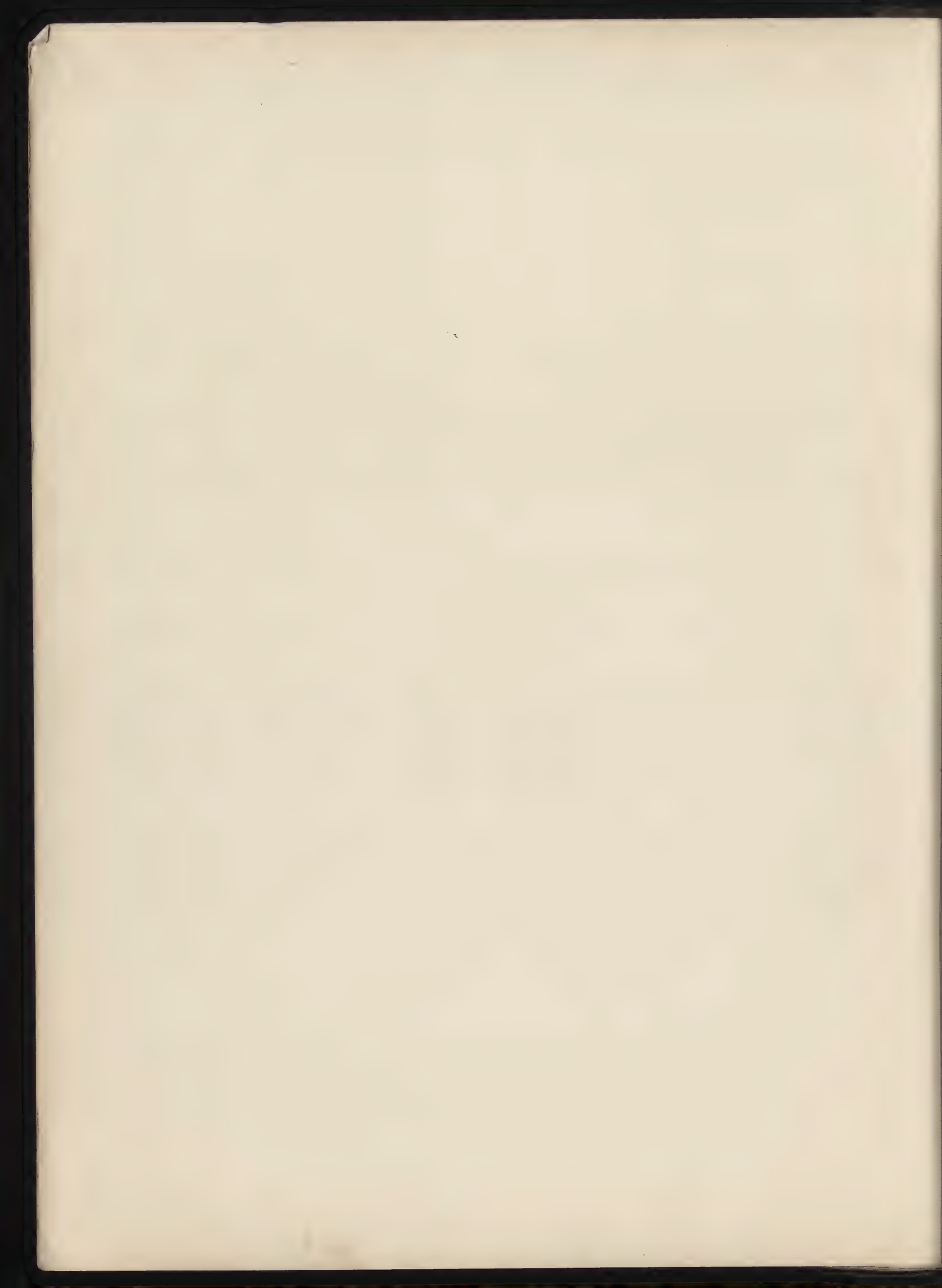


of life. You have material enough there to invent tale upon tale. If you want to witness wars or masques, exciting chases and adventures, call for the favourite doll in the house and let him or her buy a ticket and sail to the place where the fiercest lions and the gentlest of birds (the one as big as the other) are browsing on the tablecloth. ♣ “The Arabian Nights,” “The House that Jack built,” “The Creation,” “The Flood,” all these plays and mysteries can be performed by the actors in the “Penny Toy Company.” But the babies will invent the best plays; all you have to do is to catch on at their ideas and illustrate them.

♣ AND YOU THERE—YOU RASCALS OF CHILDREN—WHEN YOU GET THE TOYS YOU WON’T WANT THIS BOOK OF THEIR PORTRAITS—YOU’LL USE THE BLANK PAGES TO DRAW YOUR OWN IDEAS, AND THAT’S ALL THE THANKS I SHALL GET FOR MAKING YOU THE BOOK
HERE’S MY VERY BEST LOVE TO YOU. ♣ ♣ ♣

G.C.







THREE DESIGNS.

CHARLES E. DAWSON.

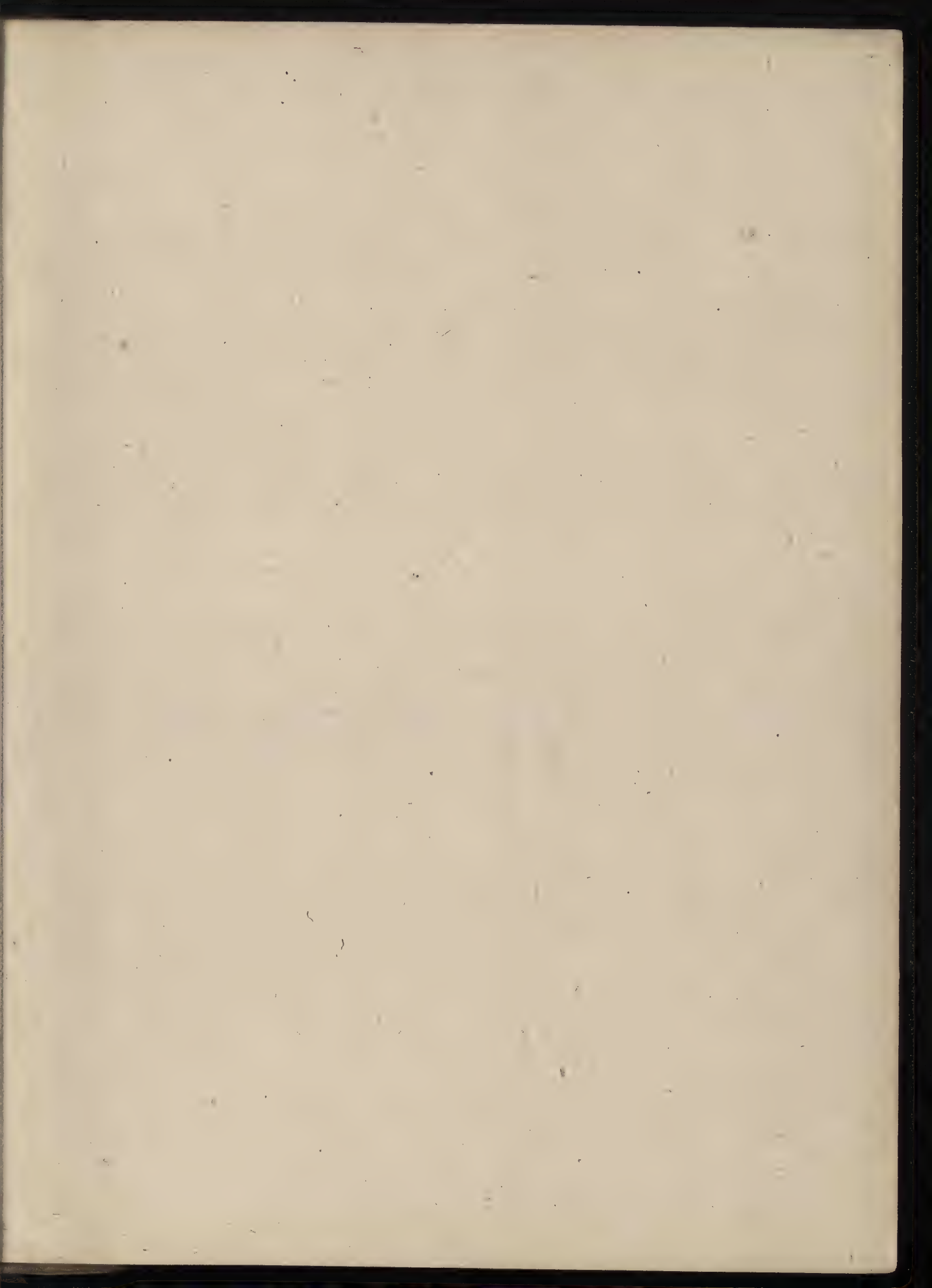






A LABEL DESIGNED FOR THE COVER OF "THE PAGE."

OLIVER BATH.



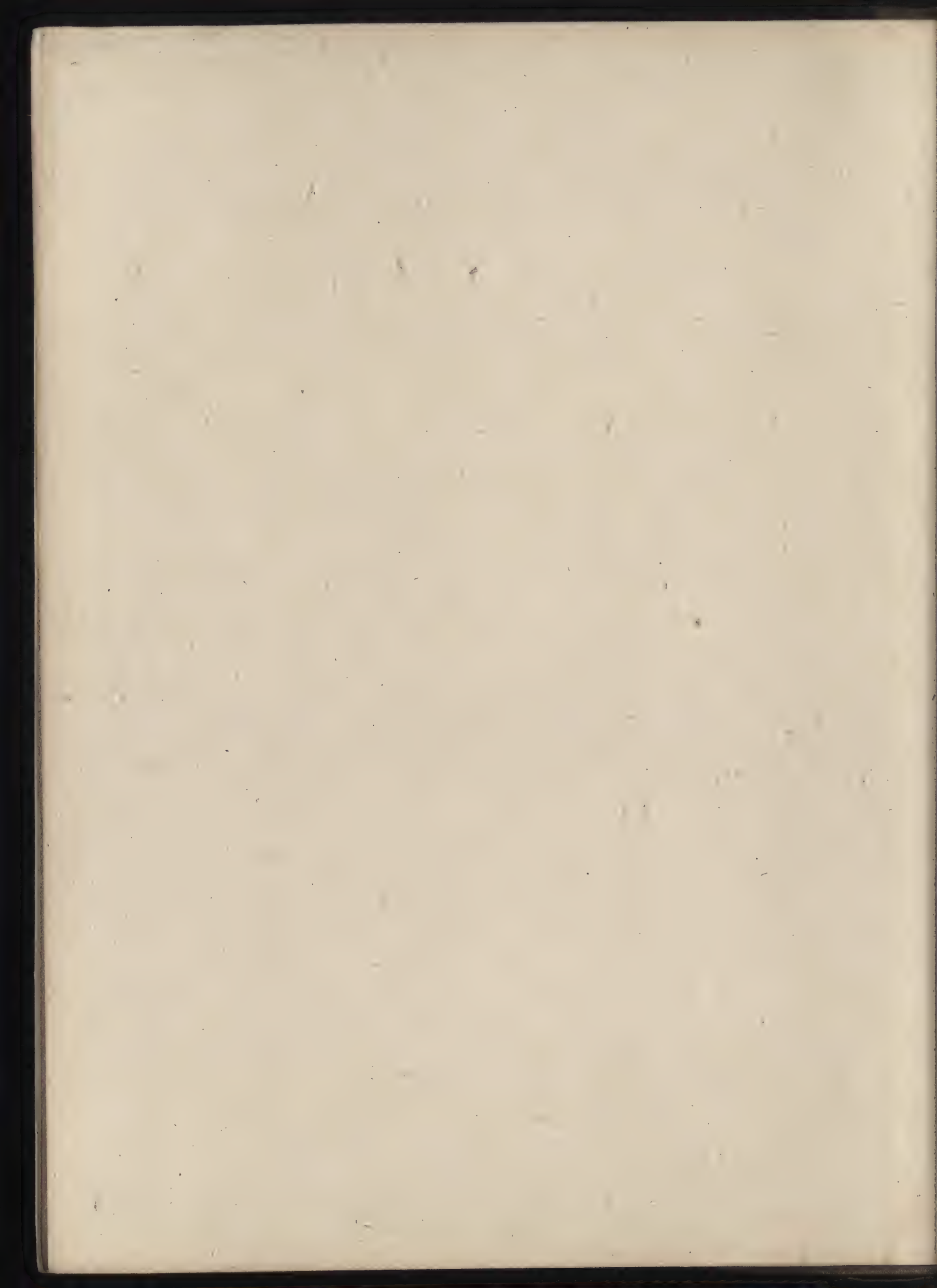
PHŒBUS.

I am a Penny Pony,
Very like the Troy one,
Made of Wood,
Misunderstood,
Buy your little boy one.





FROM "GORDON CRAIG'S BOOK OF PENNY TOYS." A BOOK FOR CHILDREN.



EXTRACT FROM THE UNPUBLISHED DIARY OF A MADMAN.

September 29th 1899.—This is the feast of St. Michael and all Angels, called in brief by the people of a better time, Michaelmas. My mother was born this day; she is dead now, and there are no birthdays in the grave. ♡ I have some respect for Michael. He was a fighter, and fighters are the world's aristocracy, not the pale nobility which suffer long and is kind. . . . Yet Michael has but a second-class reputation. He is to Lucifer what Wellington is to Napoleon, a mortal set at an immortal's side. Lucifer, pale, bright and terrible, who for aspiring pride and insolence was flung from the battlements of Heaven, has no parallel in earthly history except the blasted dreamer of inconceivable Empire. ♡ I meant to write memoirs. I had it in my mind that the man who leaves a record of his life behind him, whether it be well written or ill written (provided it be sincere) renders a service to future psychologists and historians, giving not only a faithful picture of his times but a human document that can be relied upon. . . . Flights of birds with white throats and purple wings, invisible to the sight of ordinary men, descend when I would remember and record, and to the accompaniment of their whirring wings I can only chant a monotonous song that has no facts within it for the historian, no analysis of the soul to make the psychologist gay.

September 30th.—I dreamt in the night that I was the last member of a heroic and dominating race, and on my forehead I saw graved the symbol of



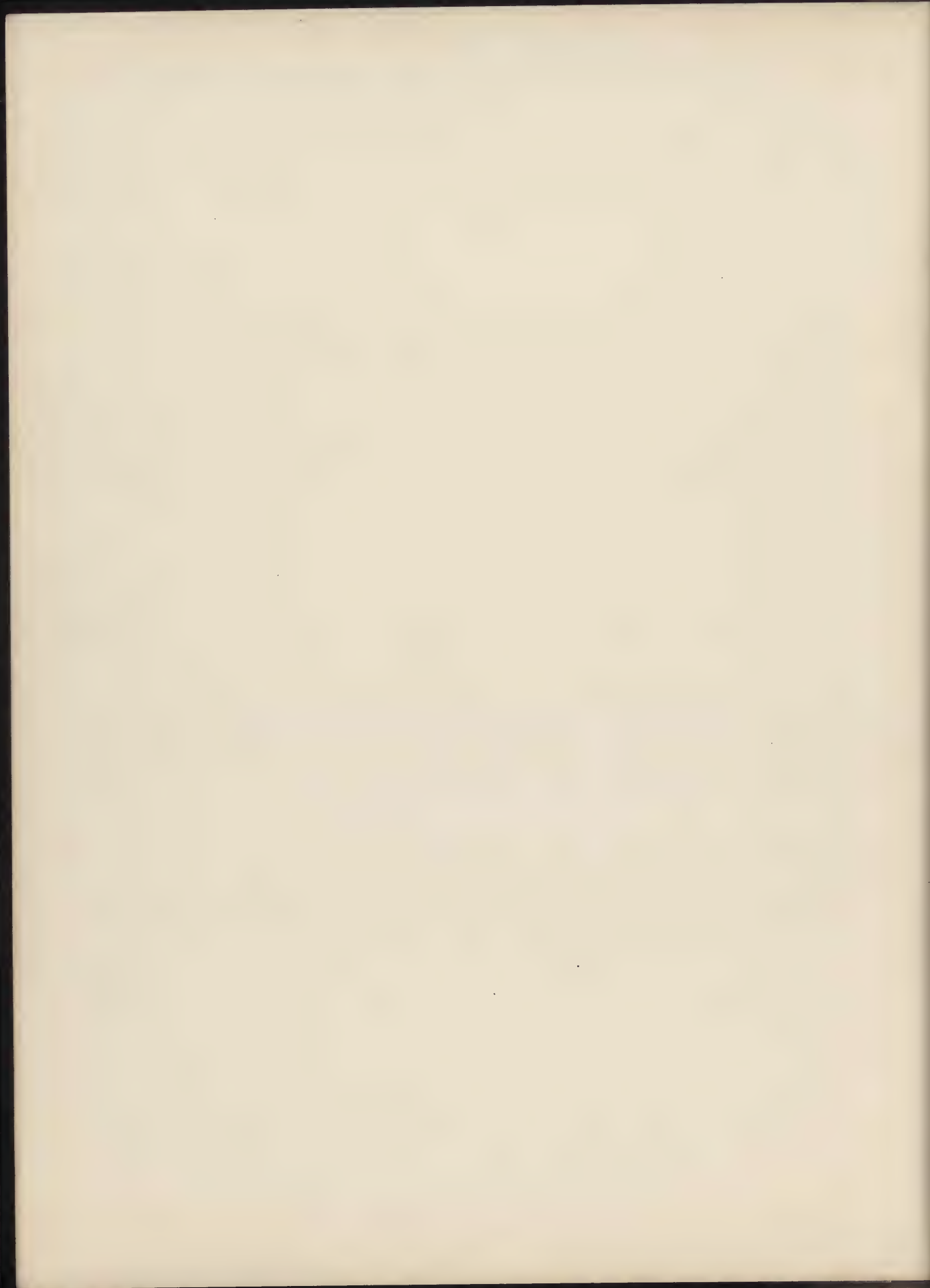
its decay. I am in my dreams always such a man, or a king or a philosopher or a poet. In fact I am the son of a baker who made poisonous bread and walked freely in heaven's air which miscreants deny to me. I have never made bread. I have never made anything. I am guiltless of blood. Guiltless of all but the outrage of many fair thoughts and against this crime there is no law. Yet I am imprisoned and though I feel and see the sun it is with alien eyes watching me. If I cry to heaven my cry filters through alien ears and becomes abominable. ♣ Those whom the world calls mad have a divine release from the common ways of men, but while they rejoice in their divinity and their freedom they are taken, and the tongues of rough men loll out at them on every side, and cry, "Fie upon you, fie upon you." Though we are taken, we are all unconquerably great. No one here is mad enough to shrink, or to belittle himself. We claim kinship with the stars. In a celestial Debrett you will find the baker's son. ♣ ♣ ♣ ♣ ♣ ♣

October 1st.—Ha! ha! It is thus we write unwriteable laughter—laughter that gods and devils and men have given life to—laughter which dies hard now in the grip of a hostile world—ha! ha! I can keep the time, though now I have nothing to do with time. I have remembered that September has thirty days. Am I mad, good sirs? Which of you could remember more.? ♣ ♣ ♣ ♣ ♣ ♣ ♣ ♣

October 2nd.—Let me confess, for confession is good for the soul. This was all written in one day, but the day seemed so long to me, so intolerable to me, that I divided it up, and lied for relief from the long age of cold which sane men call a day. ♣ The air is



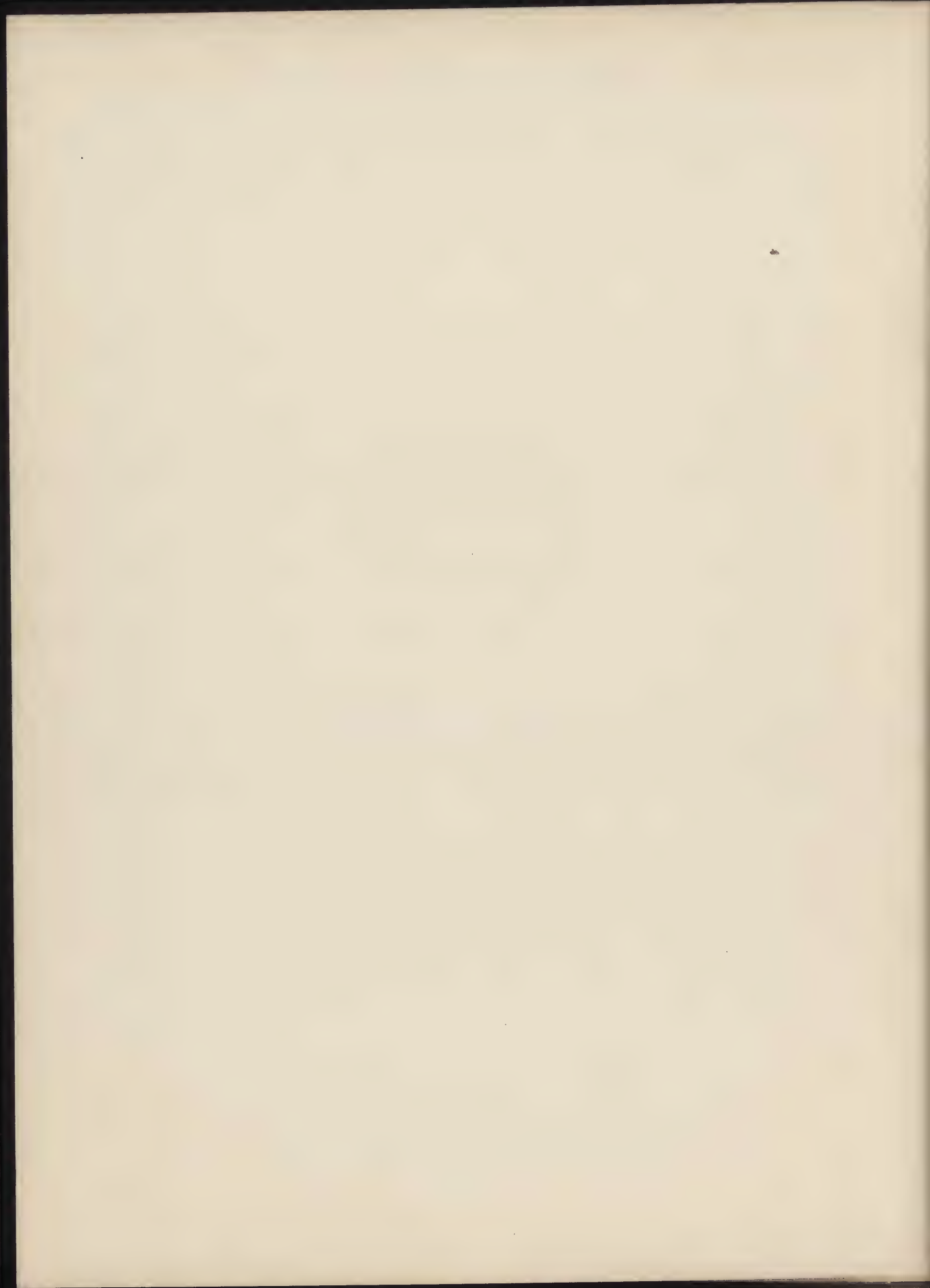
heavy and presses more heavily than any diadem upon my brow. Why lived I not in an age when ideals cleared the air and made it light and sparkling? There was the ideal of a sovereign spiritual supremacy, of a divine right of kingship, of an imperishable and untarnishable love, and men worshipped them at cunningly constructed shrines where precious stones shone like lamps and wine flowed out like water. Those ideals have vanished, they are sunk for ever beneath the sea of time. Gone are our curious little shrines, our solitary worshippers. Instead, one vulgar altar on which is enthroned the god of the possible, to whom men chatter an undistinguishable creed, which recites colourlessly what all men can do. Our plays, our books, our lives exalt the possible, with its flat face unlit by dreams. And I who bow my head before the undying beauty of that dead god of the ideal, the impossible that men can seek but never find, that they see once in visions perhaps, but never twice—the unknown god of unfulfilled desire—I, sweet heaven! am imprisoned, and my words are stolen before they leave my cell. ♣ What is it to be mad I wonder? Am I mad because I see winged things fly past all night, and hear music in the air all day? Am I mad because I go to bed a ruler of wider empires than Alexander's, and wake hot from a journey longer than the centuries in the chariot of the sun? Am I mad because I have no temptations to drink beer, breed children, and cultivate my garden? If it be mad to be useless, I see many flies crawling over the surface of the earth in unconsidered freedom who should be clapped in the gaol where I languish. No, I think to be mad is not to see the



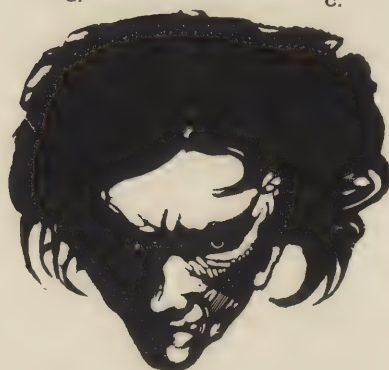
hole in the wall. Walking with head upright looking at the sky, how should we see where it is easy to get through. Stunned by the impact of the impenetrable stone we lie on the ground, and colours not dreamed of by the spectrum flash on our eyes and make us blind, yet seers of the infinite and the illimitable. That wall remains for us an invincible thing. . . I have never been able to identify it, but I have counted the world's sheep jostling each other through the hole I did not see, when I could not sleep o' nights. ♣ Yesterday (it is winter now, but I do not know the month and cannot call the days by their names any more) a woman came to the prisoner. She was not beautiful. She said to him, "George, don't you want to come home?" He answered: "Madam, you mistake me. George is a name I detest, a name I have never borne, and those who are leavening the world by the force of their spirit must never think of home." "Worse than ever," said the woman to one of the prison authorities. The prisoner waited until they had gone, and then he laughed consumedly. Worse! He was better, he knew, than they were ever likely to be in this world or the next.

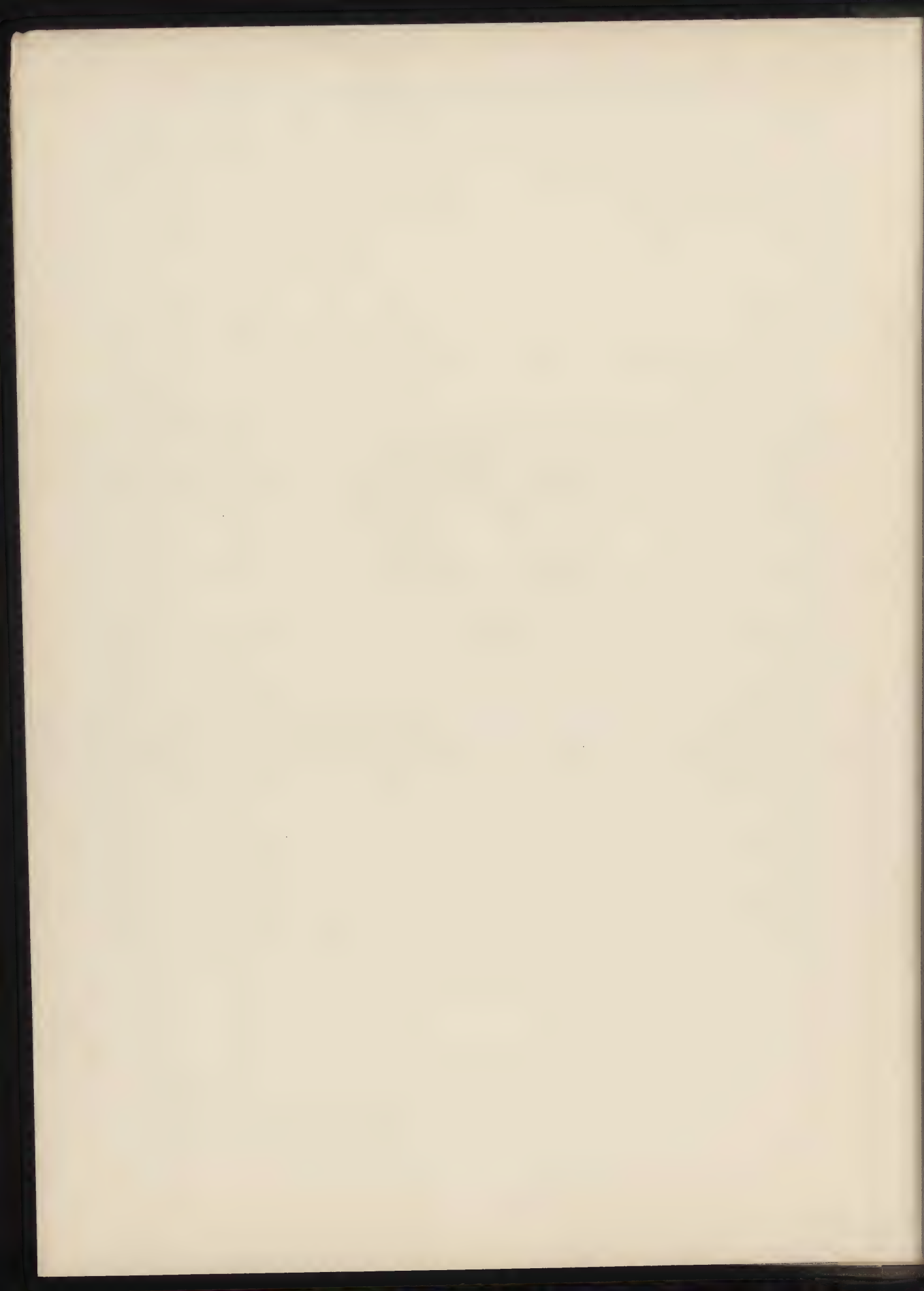
♣	♣	♣	♣	♣
♣	♣	♣	♣	♣
♣	♣	♣	♣	♣

I think that the hour of my liberation draws near. My limbs are as light as those of a blessed ghost. In the dark I move easily because of the illumination from the lamps which burn in my eyes. I have a child fancy, which grows to the manhood of conviction, that I am now circling, a great way



off, round the sun, the circles narrow, I fly nearer
the very point of light, the burning centre of
death. At last, at last, like the cruel
moth of fantasy which frets the
mortal garment of the mind, I
shall plunge headlong into
the heart of that eternal
flame. Who says
that death is
dark?

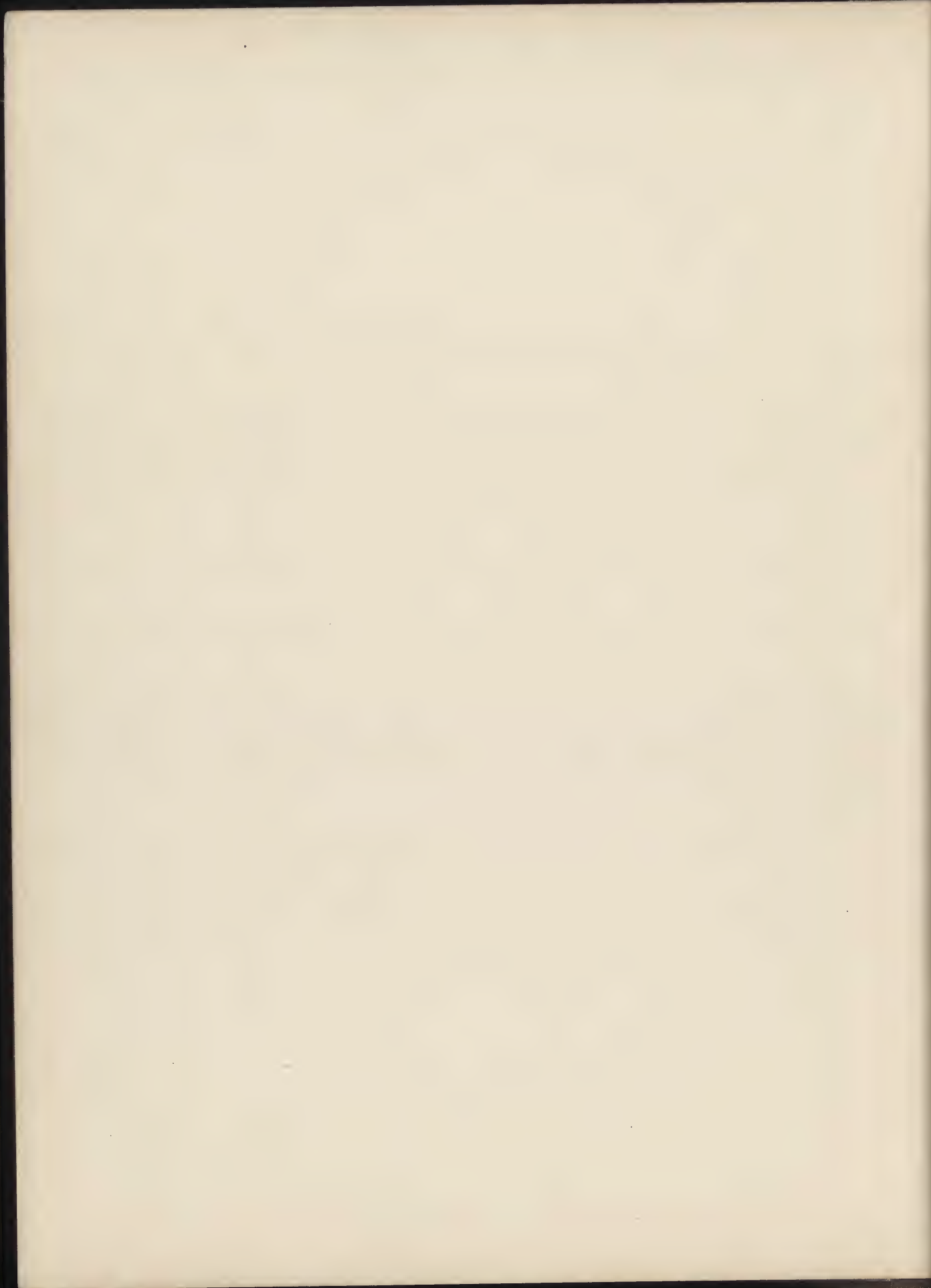




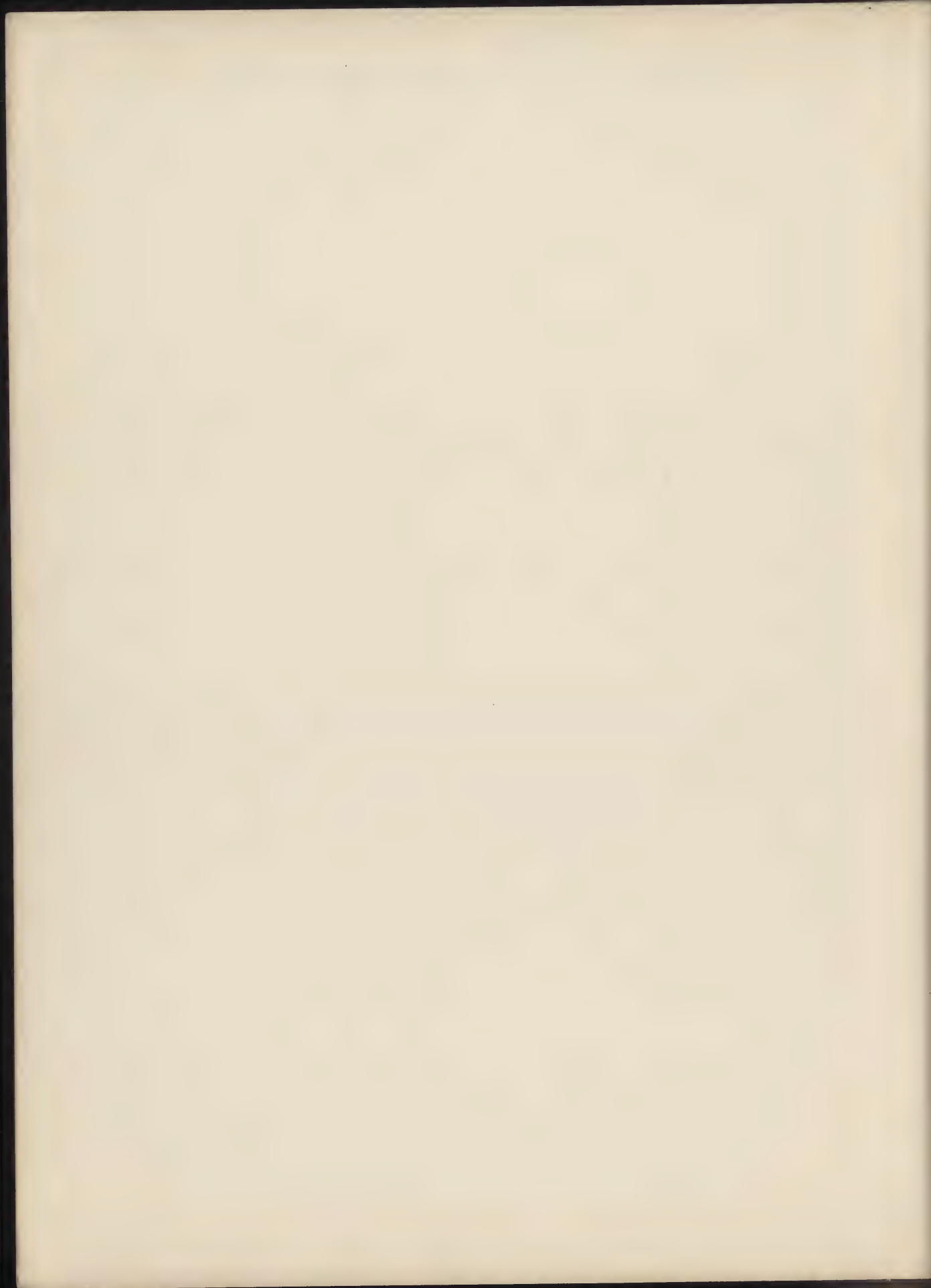


CONCERNING SOME NOTES BY A GIANT. ♡ ♡ ♡ ♡ ♡ ♡ ♡

LITTLE gentlemen—dandies—and tyrants—you will be sorry to hear that another book by Walt Whitman (whose “Leaves of Grass” you omit in any list of the 100 best books) has made its appearance. ♡ People! you will be perfectly delighted. What does it matter to you that Whitman did not amass a fortune under the pretence that to do great deeds much money is a necessity? Does it shock you that he wore no frock coats, no patent leather boots, nor laid the subtle traps for his fellows so that he might surpass them in the race, having them safe in a gin to start with? You still value a man whose heart is as large as his head, and you still remember that the “one touch of nature” that “makes the whole world kin” is *not* vulgarity. So the book will delight you. ♡ A pretty fine creation, I take it, was this Walt Whitman: sane, healthy, adorable. None of your Napoleon build. Not a touch of that bad tempered little man about him, but of the first order of great men and of that order the first—an irresistible



spirit. In short *the man—the event* of these last 1900 years. This new book is a volume of “Notes and Fragments left by Walt Whitman, and now edited by Dr. R. M. Bucke, one of his literary executors. A large volume containing an odd thousand notes, some large, some small. Dr. Bucke promises more to follow. I quote from his good preface: “As one of Walt Whitman’s literary executors there came to me under his will: (1) Letters from himself to his mother written from Washington in war time (1862-5) and which have lately been published by Small, Maynard & Co., under the title of “The Wound Dresser”; (2) Many hundred letters written by members of the Whitman family to one another, as letters from Mrs. Whitman to Mr. Whitman, Mrs. Heyde, etc., letters from George, Jeff, Mary, Hannah, etc., to Mrs. Whitman, and so on. All these letters had been preserved by Mrs. Whitman, and upon her death in 1873 passed to Walt Whitman, who, a very sick man at the time and for long afterward, simply let them lie in old boxes and bundles, until at his death they passed to the present editor; (3) Quite a number of books from Whitman’s library, many of them annotated by the poet; (4) A great mass of MS., the bulk of which is printed in this volume. A good deal of the rest is of an autobiographical character, and is reserved for a new edition of my “Walt Whitman,” or to be used in publications supplemental to that volume; (5) The magazine articles and newspaper cuttings enumerated in Part VI. of this volume. ♣ Each of the other two literary executors took under the poet’s will the same amount of material as myself, so it will be seen that these



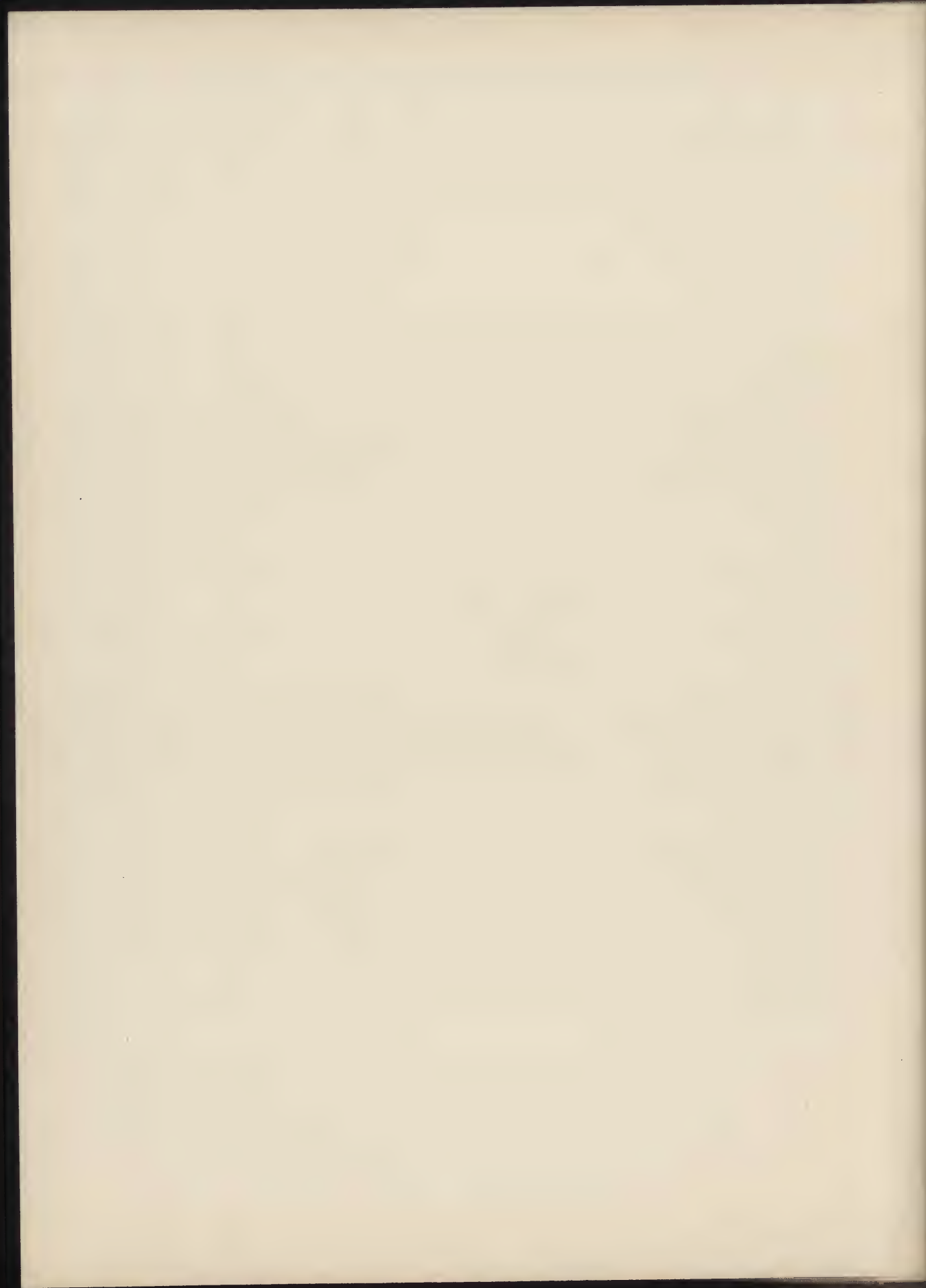
MS. remains were quite extensive, and judging by the careless, haphazard manner of their preservation it would seem certain that more must have been lost than were left in existence at the poet's death. ♣ These facts and considerations (when we join to them others equally well-known and obvious, as that he knew the Bible, Shakespeare and Homer almost by heart) bring out pretty clearly the extraordinary industry of this man, who has generally been considered as easy going, careless, idle, even "a loafer," but who must have been, in fact, though almost in secret, one of the most indefatigable workers who ever lived in America.? The notes printed in this volume came to me in scrapbooks and in bundles. They are all on loose sheets and small pieces of paper of endless sizes, shapes, shades and qualities (some even written on the back of scraps of wall-paper!)" ♣ And from the book itself I quote a fragment written in 1855 or '56 according to Dr. Bucke, whose notes lie quietly at the bottom of each page printed in a smaller type: "Understand that you can have in your writing no qualities which you do not honestly entertain in yourself. Understand that you cannot keep out of your writing the indication of the evil or shallowness you entertain in yourself. If you love to have a servant stand behind your chair at dinner, it will appear in your writing; If you possess a vile opinion of women, or if you grudge anything, or doubt immortality, these will appear by what you leave unsaid more than by what you say. There is no trick or cunning, no art or recipe by which you can have in your writing that which you do not possess in yourself—that which is



not in you can[not] appear in your writing. No rival of life—no sham for generation—no painting friendship or love for one who is neither friend or lover. Come, now, I will give the first lesson for a young man for newer greater literati. Absorb no longer mon ami. Go not, for some years, to the labors of the recitation room or desk or on the accepted tract of tourists. Ascend to your own country. Go to the west and south. Go among men in the spirit of men. Go to the swimming bath, the gymnasium, the new buildings where the working carpenters and masons are. Learn of the elements and the animals. Learn to master the horse. Become familiar with arms. Become a good fighter, a good rower, a true marksman, hard, one that dress and the criticisms of others and the usages of parlors cannot master, one who could sleep in a blanket under a tree if need be, one who does not condemn civilization and refinement but grows through them to be superior to them. What is lacking in literature can only be generated from the seminal freshness and propulsions of new masculine persons. Books have generated upon books, and religions upon religions, and poems upon poems. ♣ I say a man is to vindicate himself above all things, and a woman above all things. Do not grumble at any fact or condition whatever. What has been, has been well, and what is is well, for nothing but such as they could come out of such as underlay them. They also are to underlie what could be built upon nothing better than them. Sure as the geological developments follow each other in steady and beautiful order—sure as the saurian ages terminate in more advanced



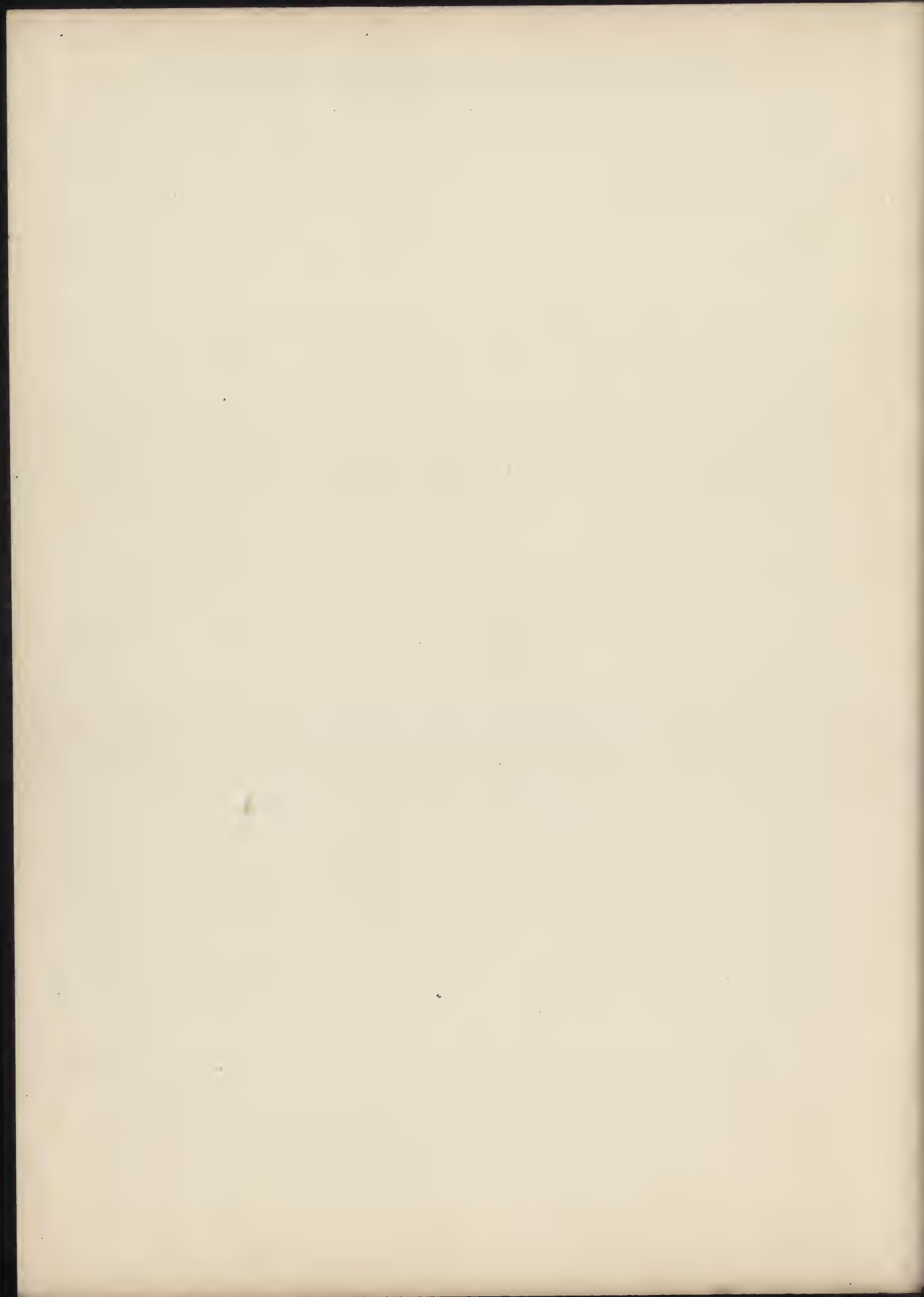
developments—sure as man was prepared for upon the earth—sure as he makes his resistless progress through time, over all impediments, and coming as with renewed vigor from all retrogrades and delays—sure as materialism—sure as the soul—shall arise in this land the literature that shall be eligible to embody not a few phases of life only, but all known and conceivable phases of life, and to identify all climates and states, New York, Canada, Texas, the Mississippi, the planter, the Yankee, the Californian, the native, the immigrant, law, government and the State and Federal Governments. Literature this of the largest friendship, and the vitalist pride and the truest freedom and practical equality ever known upon the earth; literature the roomiest and the least cramped because it shall arise from the broadest geography—the most diverse because it shall absorb the greatest diversity—the grand organs of whose head shall correspond to the grandeur of its body, literature not only of the dilettanti and few pleasant reminiscences, but of all living things and of the past and future. Literature for a mighty breed of male and female, represented no longer in their legislatures and executives, but represented better by their successions of poets, orators, debaters, readers, musicians, philosophers, equals and mixers with the rest, springing from all trades and employments, and effusing them, and from sailors and landmen, and from the city and the country, making of the vaunted (deeds) of the past but a support to their feet and so treading them under their feet,—poets, musicians, philosophers whom the rest of the world shall not deny, because their greatness shall accept



the rest of the world as much as any, and incorporate it and send it back to them with interest more than a thousandfold." ♣ Max Nordau—you made a thumping big mistake when you put Walt Whitman's name in your list of degenerates. ♣ Those who want to get a copy of this book must write direct to *Dr. R. M. Bucke, London, Ontario, Canada*. The price for a single copy, is 5 dollars; or three copies, 10 dollars. There were only 225 copies printed, and anyone interested in Walt Whitman, Whales, Colts, Romance, Actors, Looking Glasses, Ossian, Apple Dumplings, Prejudices, Love, Beach Hay, Gestures or Pork, will find something to their taste, as there are notes on all these things.

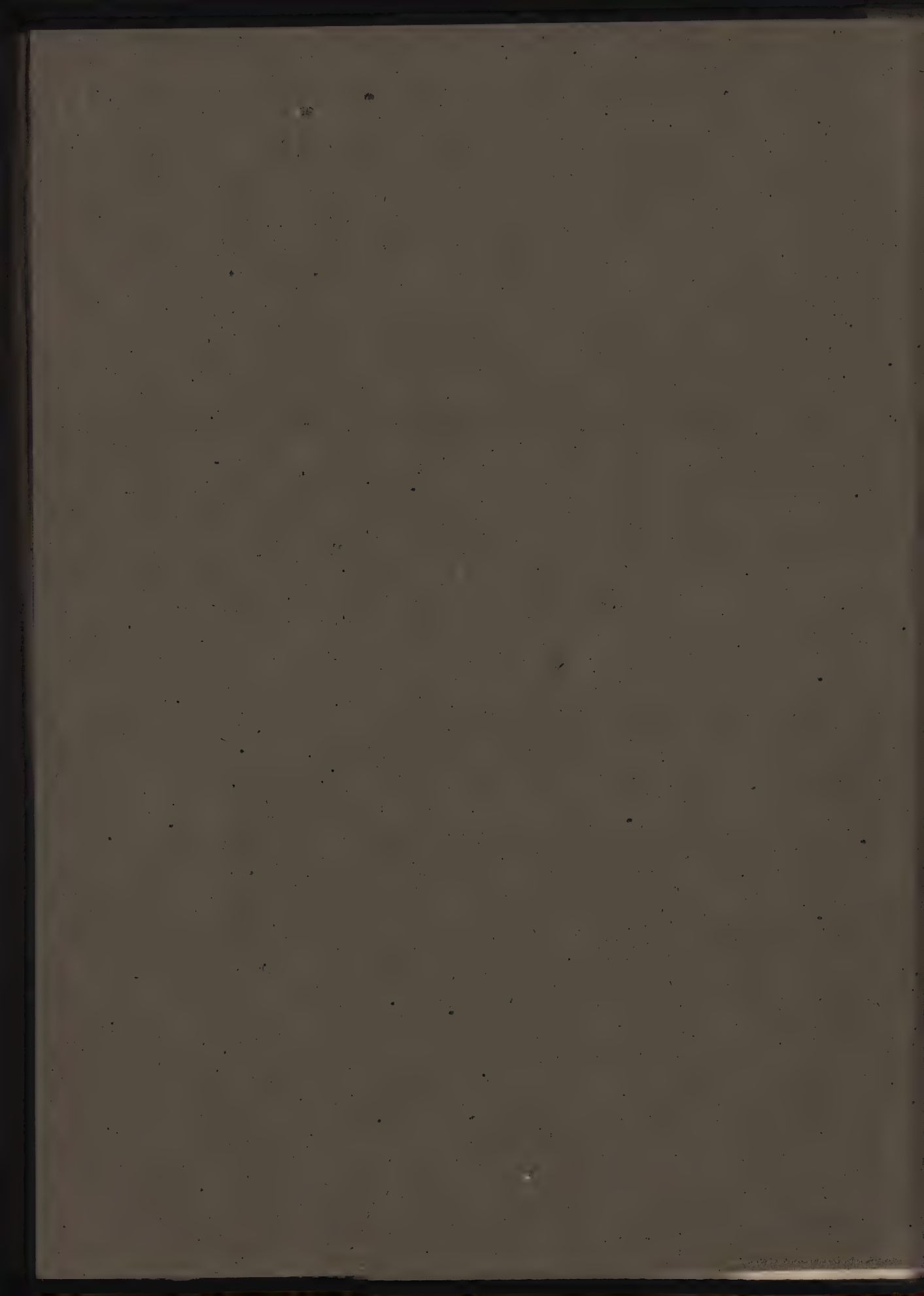


G. C.





MADAME SARAH BERNHARDT AS HAMLET (1898). EDWARD GORDON CRAIG.

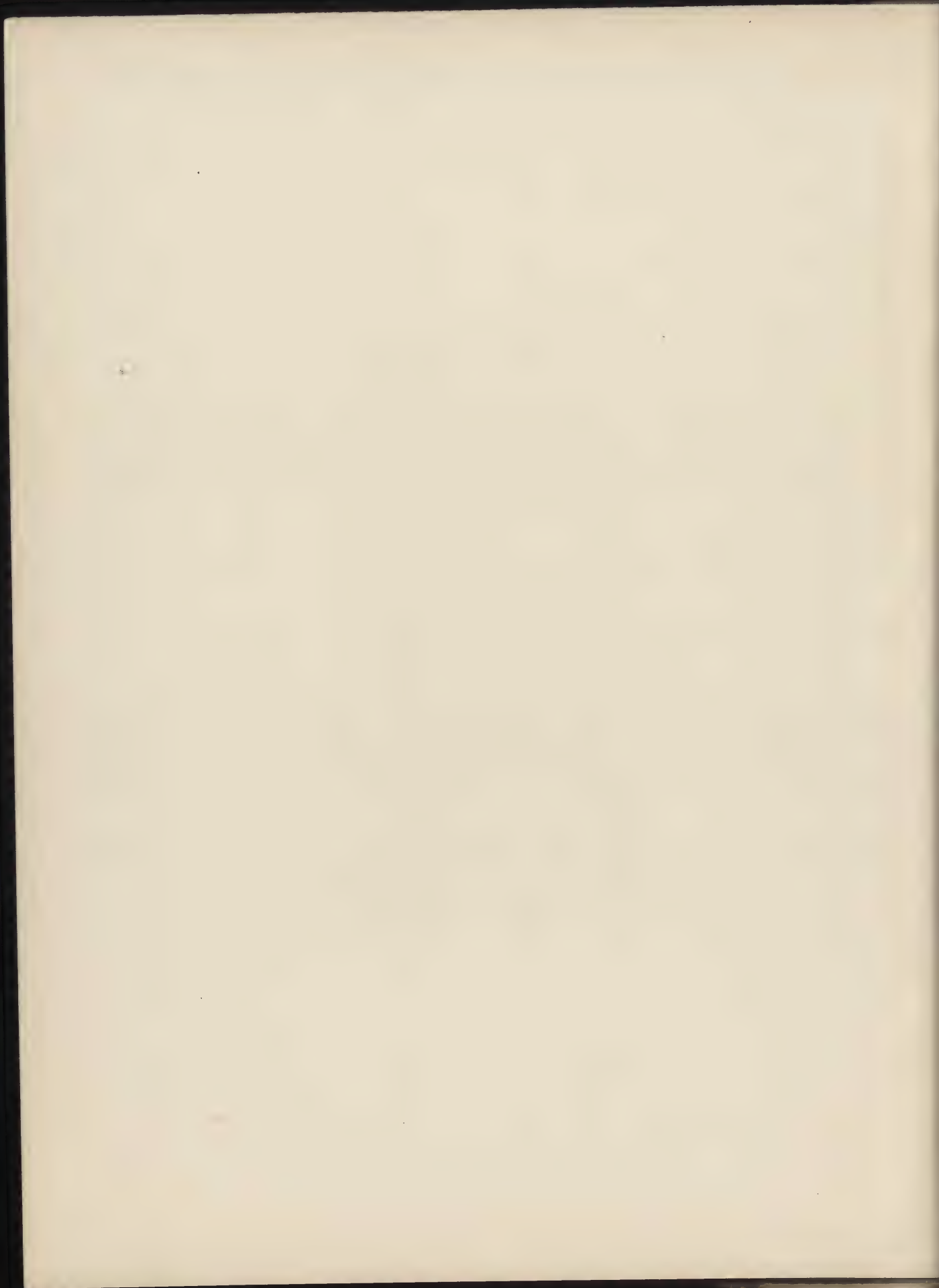


"OUTWARDLY I WAS A CURATE."



"INWARDLY I WAS STILL CÆSAR."

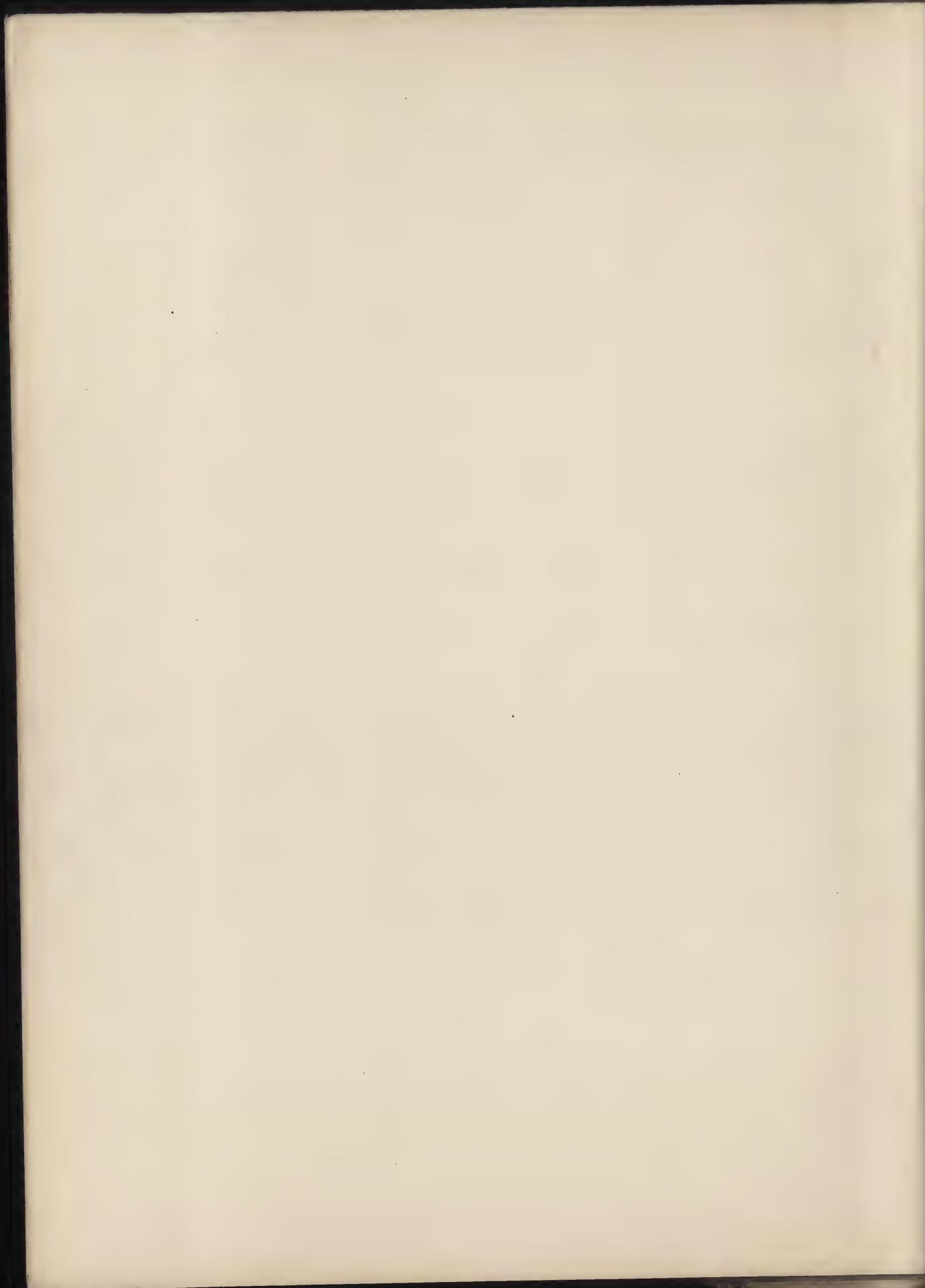
G.C.



DE LUNATICO.



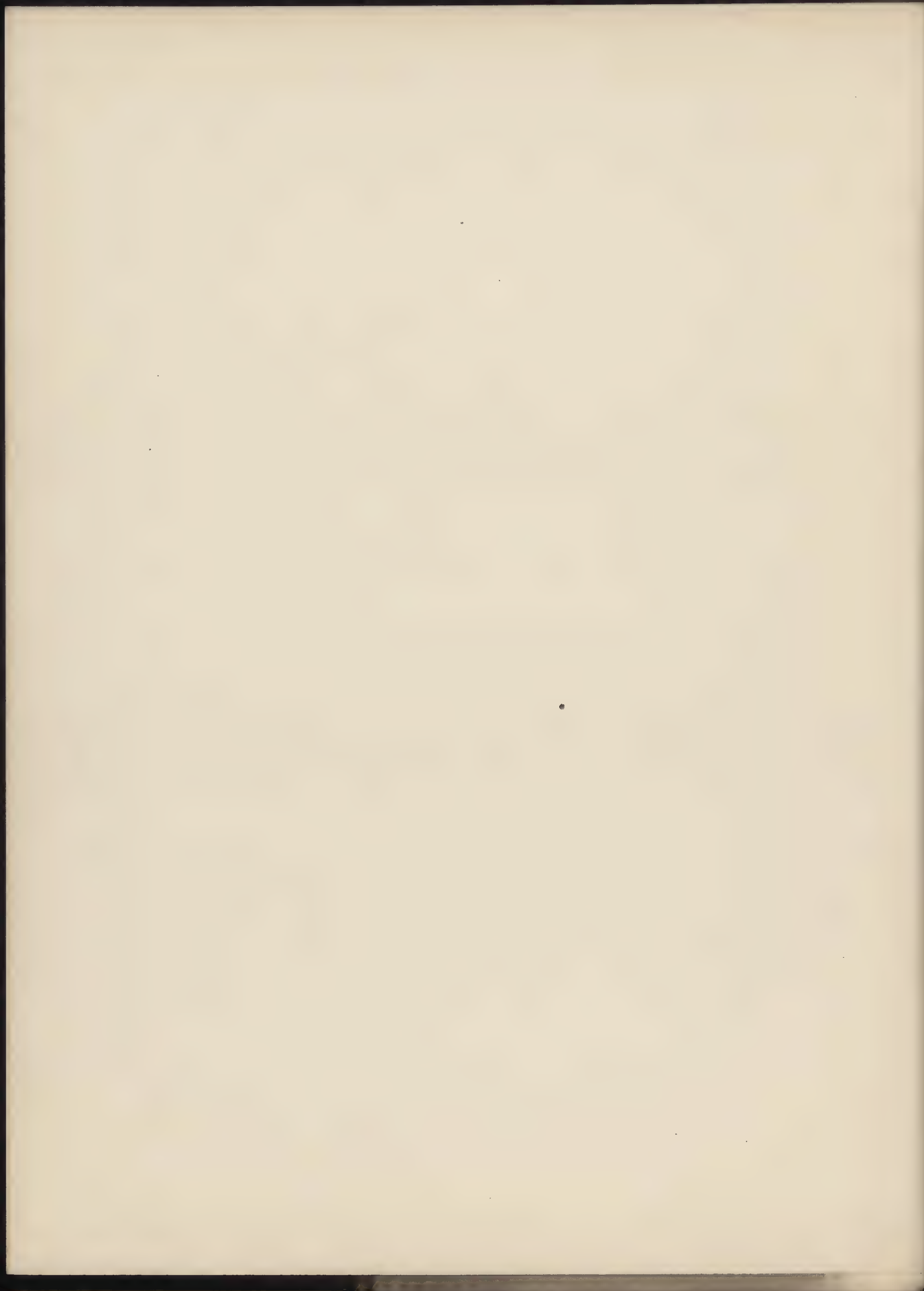
WHEN I was last in Hanwell—Here I must stop to explain, not that to anyone who knows me explanation is needed, *my* sanity is out of the question, thank goodness,—but there *are* such wicked people in the world. Why, it has even been said that my dear papa knocked my mama on the head with the kitchen chopper, a most absurd idea, my papa having been too much of a gentleman to do anything of the kind. However, I will now say, once and for all, that I sometimes reside in asylums *for months at a time*, not as a patient, but to soothe the poor people by the magic charm of my feminine influence. I have no regular post there. I suppose I rank somewhere a little below the governor—I am quite sure he is not nearly so popular as I am. ♣ Now, having satisfactorily explained my position, I will proceed to give the details of a very extraordinary experience which I underwent during my last visit. It is unnecessary to give you any details of the life there. I have no doubt many of my readers will have stayed there and thoroughly understand all the ways of the place. Sufficient it is to say that I was one afternoon sitting in the grounds, toying with a volume of Alfred Austin and watching the trains dash over the high viaduct opposite, when I suddenly became aware of a man's figure standing between me and the sun—a most distinguished looking person reminding me of my dear papa in his best days. ♣ “Madam,” he said, “We have not been introduced.” I bowed my head in a dignified manner and waited for him to proceed. “What matters it?” he



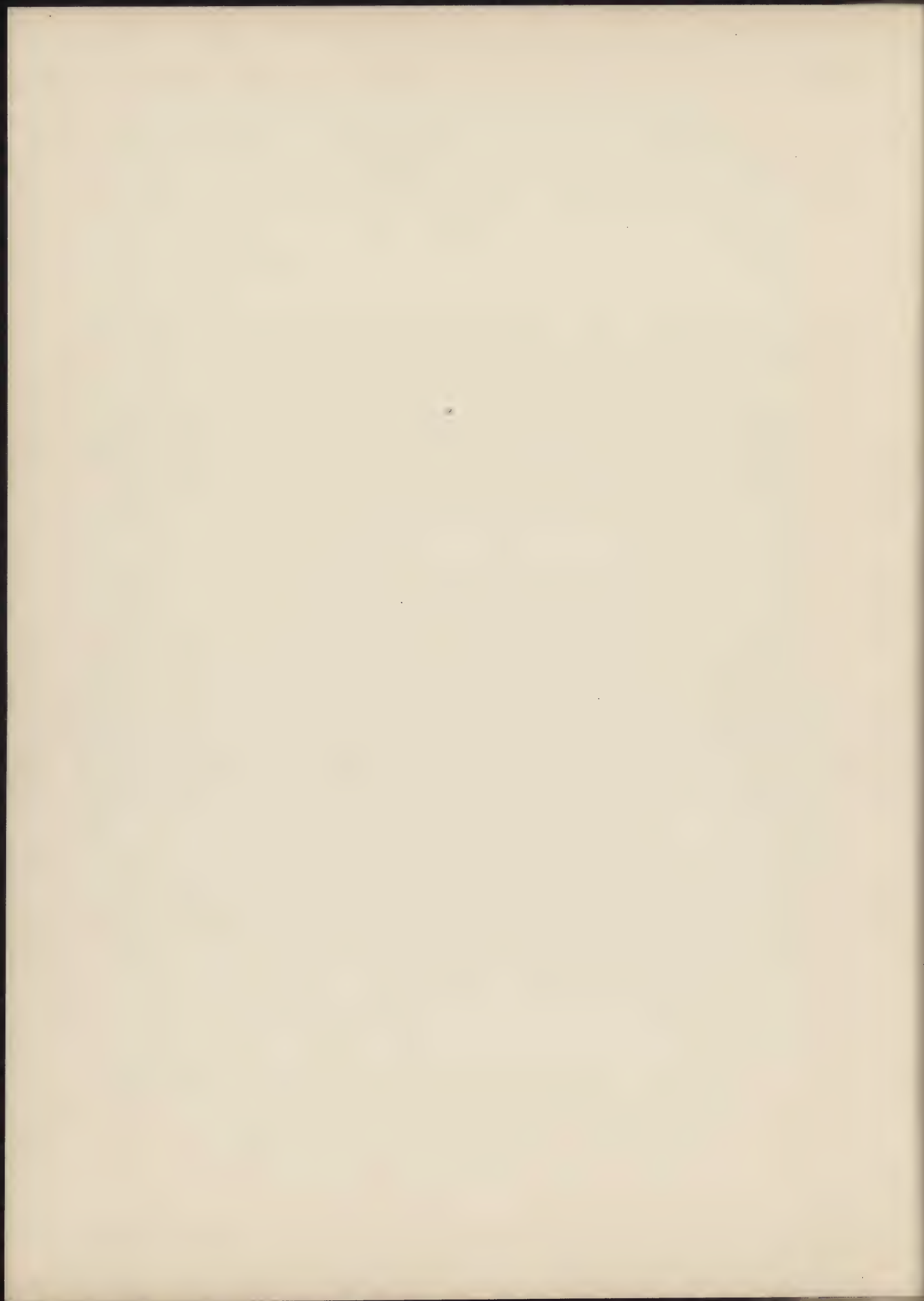
continued, "among the souls of the truly great there is no need for the mean and petty rules of etiquette which enthrall the minds of the vulgar throng. We have been struck by the dignity and modesty of your fair countenance and would wish to hold communion with you. With your gracious permission we will sit." "Nothing would please me more," I replied, making room for him on the bench beside me. He sat down and for some minutes gazed into my face with such concentrated earnestness as would have been impertinent had it not been for the respectful admiration expressed in his beautiful brown eyes. I bent my lashes in modest confusion and waited for him to speak. At length he said, "We gather from the shape of your head that you are—that you are in fact, one of us. By what title should we be correct in addressing you?" His perception was marvellous. Many of my friends are aware that I am in reality Saint Elizabeth, Queen of Hungary, although I seldom mention the fact as it is provocative of jealousy and ill-feeling. In the present instance I decided not to reveal the momentous secret, for I was aware that, taking everything into consideration and seeing that he could not possibly be *au fait* with the real circumstances of the case, to him it must seem improbable, if not absurd. I therefore merely told him he would not be incorrect in addressing me as "Your Majestic Holiness." "We could have sworn it," he cried, and heaved a great sigh of relief. "Oh, your Majestic Holiness, you little know of what a burden our mind is relieved. Your condescension has now finally decided us to make you our confidante. Know then, that we also are



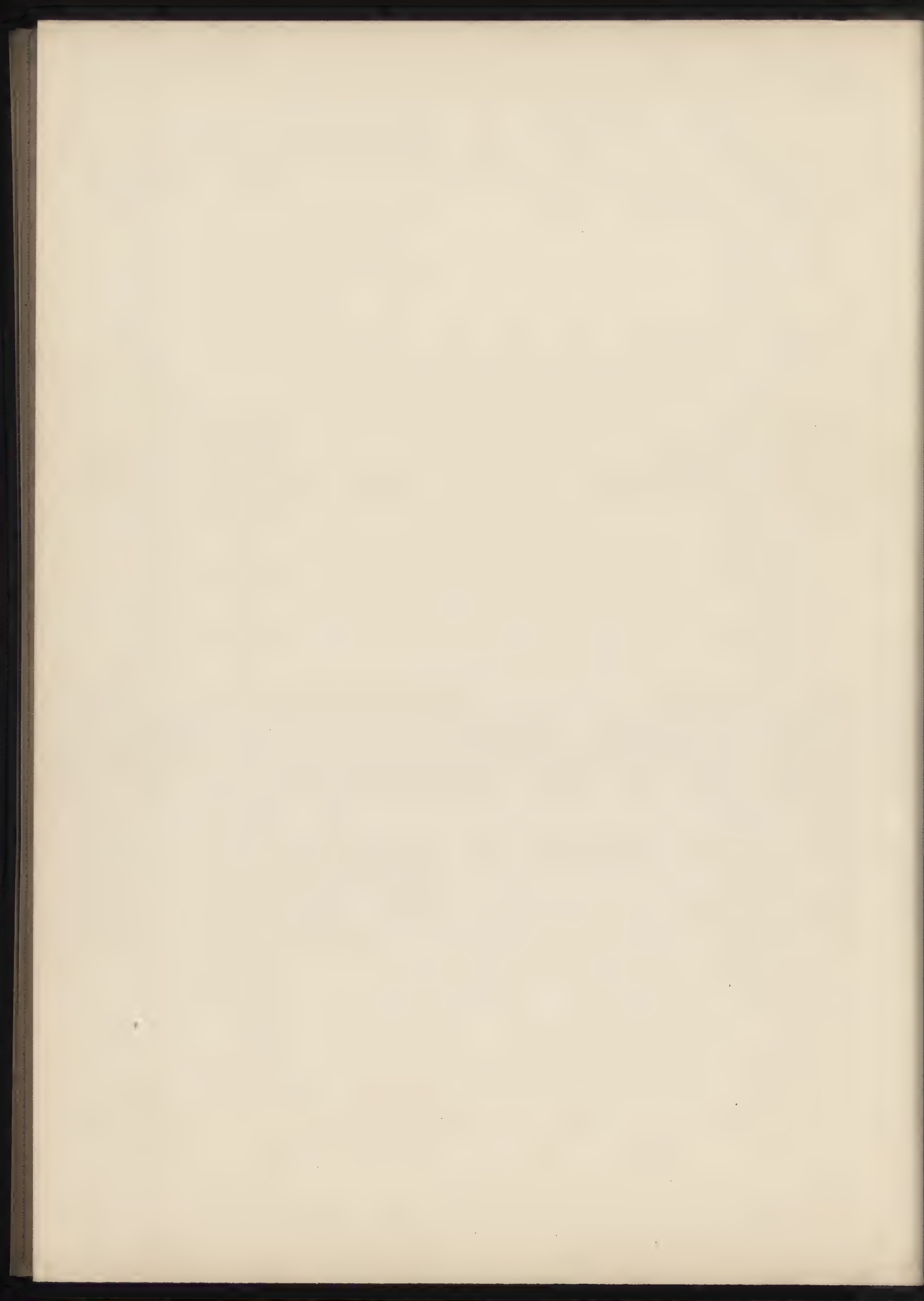
royal, we may say imperial, that on our head, as on your own—in short, that we are no other than the Emperor Nero, of whom you must have heard. You may possibly have seen our portrait-bust in the galleries of the British Museum, and the resemblance will at once remove any pardonable doubts of the truth of our story.” ♣ I knew at once that the poor man was mad. It will be apparent to anybody that a Roman Emperor who died some 2000 years back could not be sitting, talking, in the grounds of a London lunatic asylum. I remembered, however, that it was my duty to humour these poor people, so at once pretended to acquiesce, and asked for further particulars. I must candidly say also, that the likeness to which he referred was indeed marvellous. In younger days I had often admired the bust in question. This I hastened to tell him. “Your Majestic Holiness,” he replied (I may say, in parenthesis, that, although a childish vanity, I found it pleasant to be addressed in my proper title, after so many years) “your Majestic Holiness, you are the first person of sense I have met with, for the last forty years. As such, we consider you a fitting receptacle for the marvellous history which we are about to relate.” He remained silent for some moments, as if lost in thought, while his fine features (he certainly looked every inch an emperor) worked convulsively. ♣ “It is unnecessary,” he at last began, “to relate to your Majestic Holiness the details of our former life. You may read them in every history book—though we may lay our hand upon our heart and declare, on the word of an Emperor, that the cruelties and crimes ascribed to



crimes attributed to us there existed only in the imaginations of our enemies." Here I took the liberty of interrupting the course of the narrative, to ask him to be good enough to refer to himself in the first person, as being less liable to cause confusion. I pointed out to him, that, although, in my capacity of queen, I was accustomed to it, the humility of a saint had demanded that I should renounce it, with other vanities. He at once agreed and proceeded. "As I was saying, errors I may have committed, we all do,—but I ask you as a woman, that is to say a Queen of the world—would the Roman people have deified me (a most ridiculous proceeding, by the bye) if I had done half the things I am accused of?" I could not but agree with him and he proceeded, "We now come to the remarkable part of my story. I died, you may have read the details, to which I shall not refer further. After my death, my soul immediately took its departure to the other side of Styx, you call it by another name now, but the idea is the same. At the time I am speaking of, some time since as you know, there existed a custom by which the souls of important persons like ourselves were passed into what was then called Olympus without any of the troublesome formalities necessary in admitting the vulgar throng, and which now, I am sorry to say have been made universal. I was therefore, as a matter of course, admitted to that position in the ranks of the Celestials to which my rank entitled me. You will perhaps be surprised to hear that, instead of being satisfied, I found myself intolerably bored in my new position. During my eventful career on earth excitement had become an



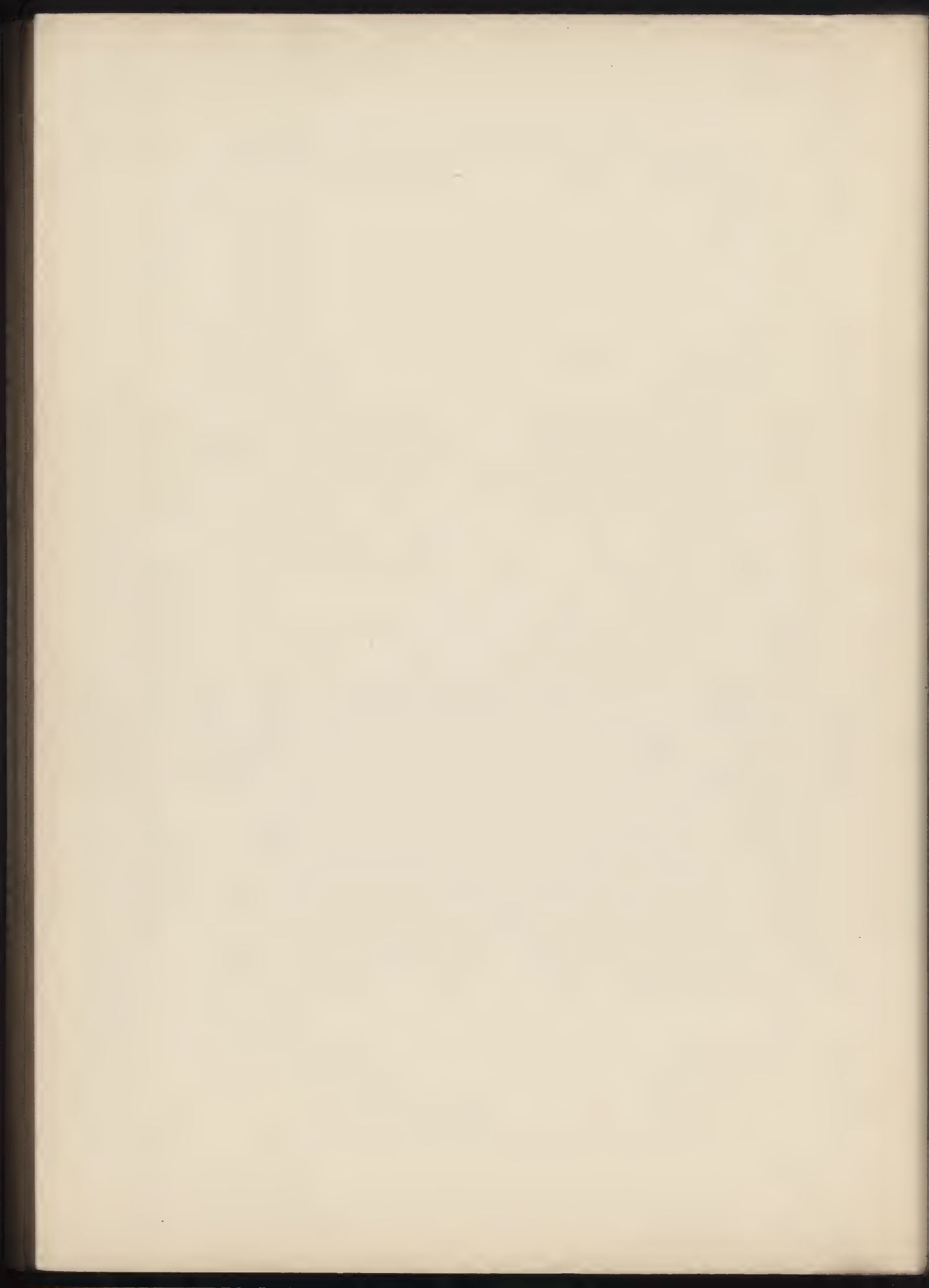
absolute necessity to my existence. In Olympus, on the contrary one spent one's time doing absolutely nothing. At the time I am speaking of they had given up all ideas of governing the earth, for no human being could be induced to believe in them, much less obey them. It is my deliberate opinion, that, had Jupiter himself appeared in the streets of Rome, armed with his thunderbolts, he would have been arrested by a lictor and sent as a gladiator to the Collosseum. ♣ True to my character I did my best, as on earth, to make things lively, but it was absolutely hopeless. When they were not asleep they were fighting, especially the goddesses. I assure you that some of the names I heard the chaste Diana call Venus made me quite uncomfortable. If Diana was like that you can guess what the rest were. Then the diet was quite unbearable. When in Rome I had always kept a good table and I was especially fond of variety in my dishes. Here, upon my sacred word of honour, there was absolutely nothing to eat but some sickly sweet mess, like pap, which they called ambrosia. I will not particularise any further the disgusting way of life which obtained in Olympus. You will have learnt enough to understand that it could scarcely be expected to suit *my* tastes. ♣ One day it happened that I was walking in a wood. (Just think of being reduced to walking in a nasty wood for amusement) Being, as you may imagine, exceeding dull, I lay down on a rustic bench and fell asleep. ♣ When I woke up, I could not for the life of me understand what had happened. The trees had all been clipped, the leaves swept carefully off the path, which had been newly strewn with clean sand. The



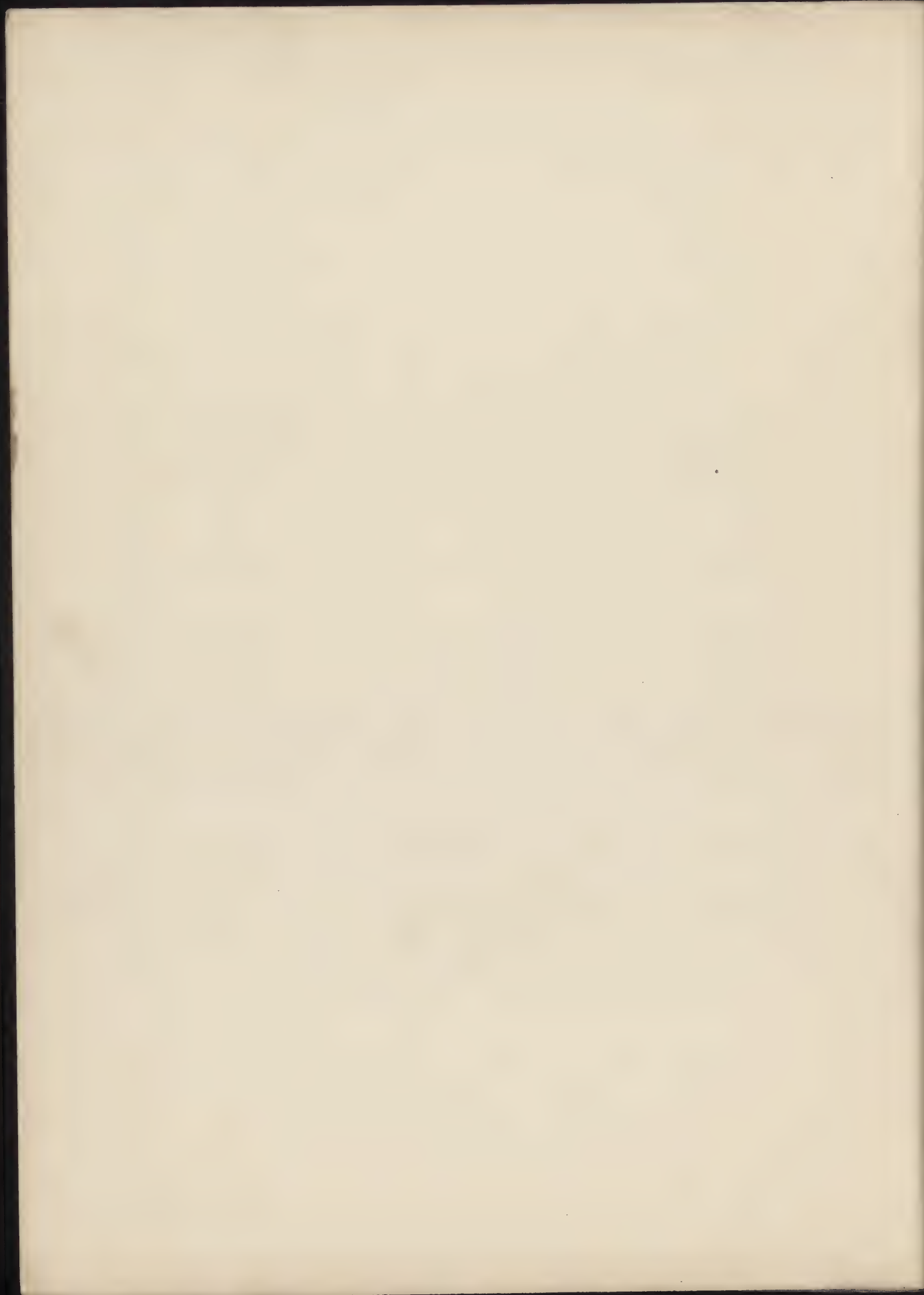
very bench I was lying on had been repainted, how I cannot imagine. I got up in some alarm and hurried to the edge of the wood. There, also all was changed. The plain before me, which, when I lay down, had been nothing but a wet marsh had now been drained and levelled, presenting the appearance of a vast parade ground. It was thronged by a great quantity of people, dressed in a white uniform not unlike a toga. What struck me most was the incredible noise which they were making, every one of them performing upon some instrument and singing at the same time. I myself have a considerable knowledge of music, my performance upon the violin having been much admired, but never, in all my lives, have I heard anything to equal that, before or since. No sooner did I appear at the edge of the wood than the noise ceased in an instant and the whole company turned and stared at me with faces of the greatest amazement. Of course I took it that this was all an ingenious surprise prepared by young Bacchus or some of that set. I therefore advanced laughing heartily and crying out that they could not fool me, or words to that effect. Judge of my astonishment when instead of acknowledging the jest the whole company, with something very like a shriek of horror, rose in the air, like so many sparrows, and disappeared. I alone remained, not knowing in the least what to make of all this. For some time I had no explanation vouchsafed me, but after some five minutes I heard a whirling sound in the air above my head, and looking up I became aware of a young man, holding in his hand a long sword, who was circling in the air unpleasantly



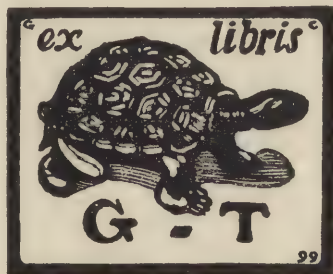
close to my head. Seeing that I remained where I was and made no motion to escape he finally alighted on the grass before me. ♣ “Art thou not a dæmon?” said the young man, “Not to the best of my knowledge,” I replied. “Then who and what art thou? Speak, I command thee,” he exclaimed. “Who are you, young busybody?” I cried in my turn, “that dare approach the Imperial Cæsar but upon your knees? Were it not for your extreme youth I would strike you dead. As it is I shall complain to my friend Jupiter and have you expelled.” It was, indeed, nothing but the sword which he carried which prevented my chastising him on the spot. “I am Michael,” said the youth, “but a few moments back a choir of souls but newly arrived and practising their hymns of praise for the first time, rushed passed me in wild alarm, crying that a horrible dæmon, vomiting fire, had burst upon them, seeking to devour them. If as thou saist thou art no dæmon, how and whence comest thou here?” Seeing that the youth desired to be civil I explained my position in as few words as possible, putting myself quite at his disposition in any way not derogatory to my dignity as Emperor. He was evidently rather a fool for he looked at me in amazement. “Stay thou here,” he said, “dare not to stir a foot, or thou shalt surely die.” “Seeing that I have already been dead for some time,” I replied, “I fail to see how you can put your threat into execution.” He disappeared in the air without another word, and remembering the sword I thought it more politic to await his return where I was. ♣ After some time he returned, this time accompanied



by an older person, who told me his name was Peter. "I——" At this juncture, I, the writer of this story, felt myself bound to interfere. I had been listening for some time in great perturbation. I now decided that my position as an important saint, even though the Emperor was unaware of it, imperatively demanded that these revelations should be put a stop to without further delay. As politely as possible I begged him to cut short this portion of his astounding tale, touching lightly upon my reasons for so doing. With quite remarkable urbanity he apologised for having in any way offended my susceptibilities and proceeded. "I will then, your Holy Majesticness, only say that it was, for some reason which I could not understand, against the rules of the place for me to remain where I was. Nor did anybody seem to know what to do with me. Rather a ridiculous position for me, was it not? The first idea was to send me to another place, something quite new to me, of which I could only learn that it was very warm. The head of the place in question, it being a rival establishment, flatly refused to receive what he rudely called other 'people's leavings.' There was an embarrassing situation for you. Well, to cut a long story short it was finally settled that I must be sent back to earth again, as the only place left. From what followed I can only imagine that some of the people I had disagreed with when Emperor, (many of them so-called Christians, I am sorry to say) must have been telling lies about me behind my back. When I awoke from the trance into which I had been put, and found myself on earth again, what do you think I had



become? You will never guess if you try a thousand times. I was a curate!!! Positively a curate of the Church of England!! However, in a way, I had my revenge after all. Outwardly I was a curate, inwardly I was still Cæsar. I behaved accordingly. I suppose it was a little hard upon the congregation, many of them most respectable people, but one *must* get a *little* enjoyment out of life. Finally, remembering a joke I once played in Rome, I, one Sunday, set the church on fire, locking the congregation in beforehand. While it blazed I played to them on the violin through the window. After that they sent me here. Now I ask you as the first person to whom I have related the full details of the case, have I been fairly, even decently treated?" He ceased speaking and burst into tears. ♣ Now what I wish to ask my readers is——If such a man, polite, learned, intelligent and of such vast experience, whose story bears every mark of truth, so that no reasonable person can doubt it for an instant——If such a man (one of the handsomest, too, I ever saw) can, in civilized England, at the end of the nineteenth century, be thrown into a madhouse without a chance of appeal, who of us, I ask can hope to escape? ♣ ♣ ♣ ♣ ♣ ♣







JOHN PEEL.

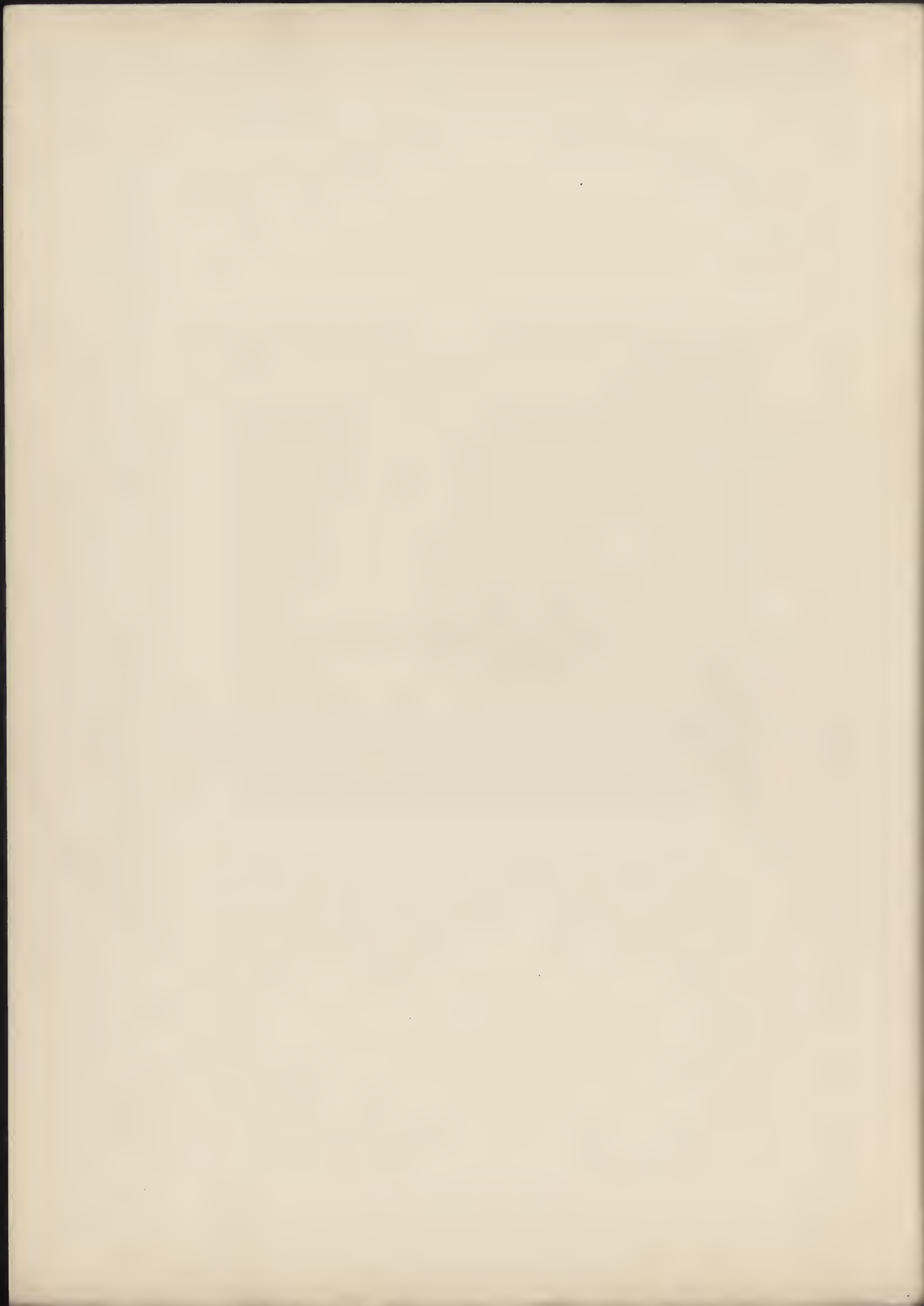
JAMES PRYDE.





THE EQUESTRIENNE.

DESIGNED & ENGRAVED BY EDWARD GORDON CRAIG





BOOKPLATE OF JOHN DREW.

BY EDWARD GORDON CRAIG.



Tell me where is fancy bred.

Allegretto.

A Song: * Words by Shakespeare. *

Music by Sir A. C. Mackenzie.

Voice

p

Piano

Musical notation for the first system. The voice part is on a single staff with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The piano accompaniment consists of two staves (treble and bass clefs) with a key signature of one flat. The lyrics 'Tell me where is fan-cy bred, Or in the' are written below the voice staff. The piano part features a flowing melody in the right hand and a supporting bass line in the left hand.

Musical notation for the second system. The voice part continues with the lyrics 'heart or in the head? How be-got, how nourish-'. The piano accompaniment continues with a similar melodic and harmonic structure.

Musical notation for the third system. The voice part concludes with the lyrics 'ed? Re-ply, re- ply. re- ply, re'. The piano accompaniment provides a final harmonic support for the vocal line.



ply. p It is en-gen-dered in the eyes,

The first system of a musical score. It consists of a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment (bass clef). The key signature has one flat (B-flat). The vocal line begins with a piano (p) dynamic and the lyrics "ply. It is en-gen-dered in the eyes,". The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note bass line and chords in the right hand.

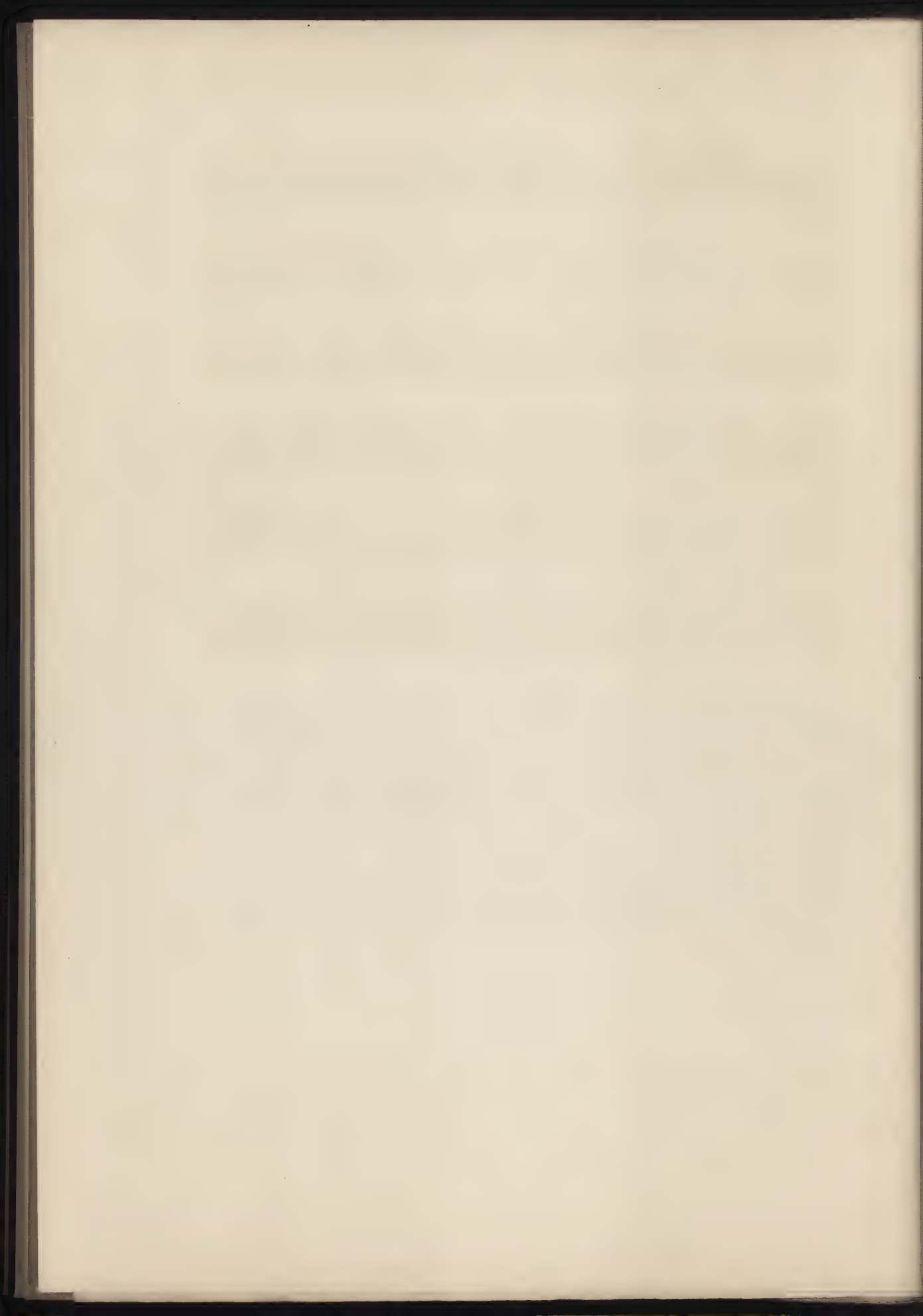
With gaz-ing fed; And fen-cy

The second system of the musical score. The vocal line continues with the lyrics "With gaz-ing fed; And fen-cy". The piano accompaniment includes a trill in the right hand during the phrase "And fen-cy".

dies And fen-cy dies In the

ritard

The third system of the musical score. The vocal line concludes the phrase with "dies And fen-cy dies In the". The piano accompaniment features a trill in the right hand. The system ends with a "ritard" (ritardando) marking above the vocal line.



a tempo.

The first system of music consists of a vocal line on a single staff and a piano accompaniment on two staves. The vocal line begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The lyrics "cra - die where it lies." are written below the first measure. The piano accompaniment starts with a bass clef and a key signature of one flat. The first measure of the piano part includes a dynamic marking of *mf* (mezzo-forte). The system concludes with a repeat sign and two measures of a vocal line with the lyrics "Let us".

cra - die where it lies. *mf* Let us

The second system continues the musical piece. The vocal line begins with the lyrics "all ring fan-cy's knell; I'll be-gin it, -Ding, Dong". The piano accompaniment continues with the same key signature and includes a *mf* dynamic marking. The system ends with a repeat sign and two measures of the vocal line.

all ring fan-cy's knell; I'll be-gin it, -Ding, Dong



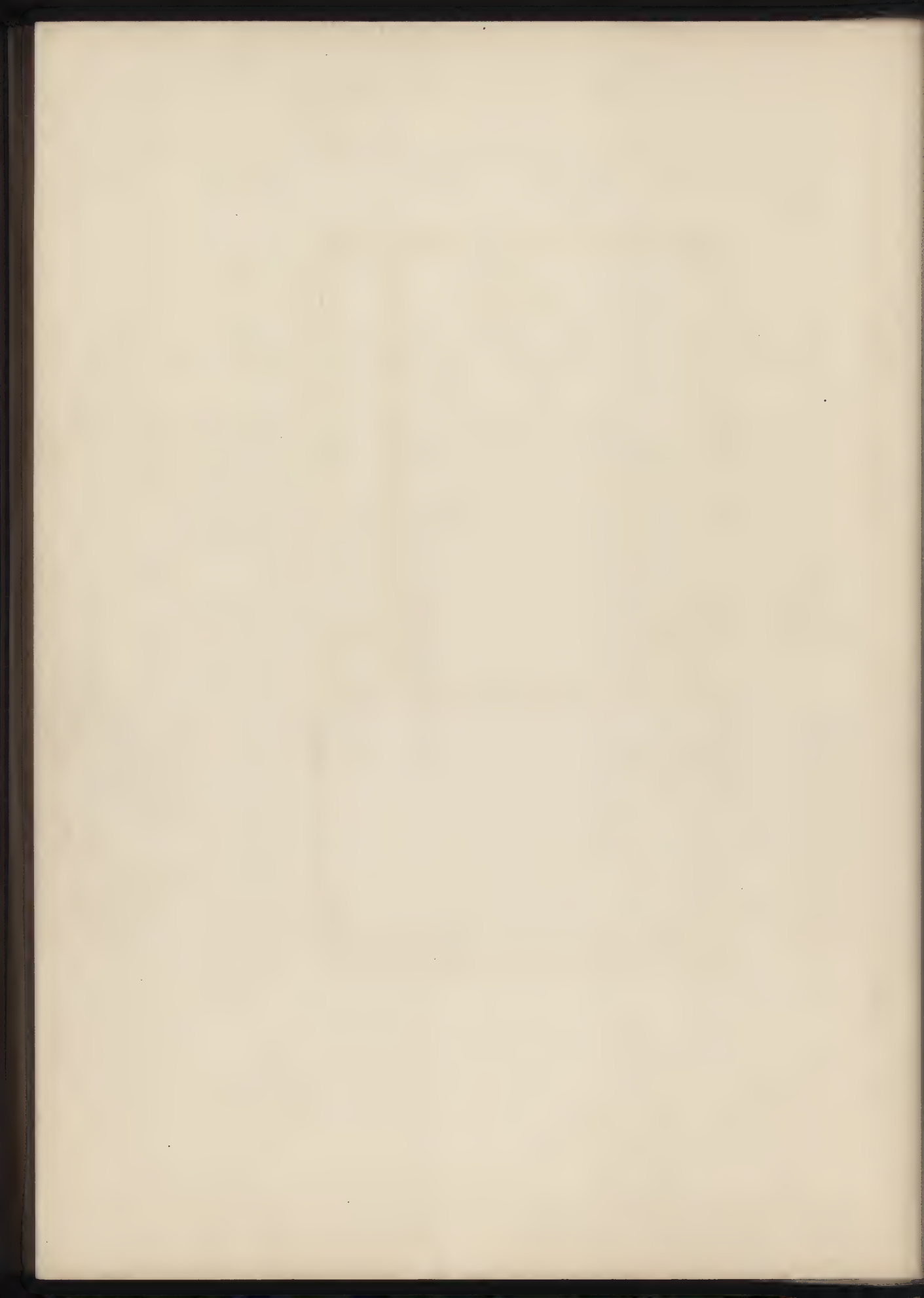
bell. let us all ring *fab-ry's* knell; I'll be-

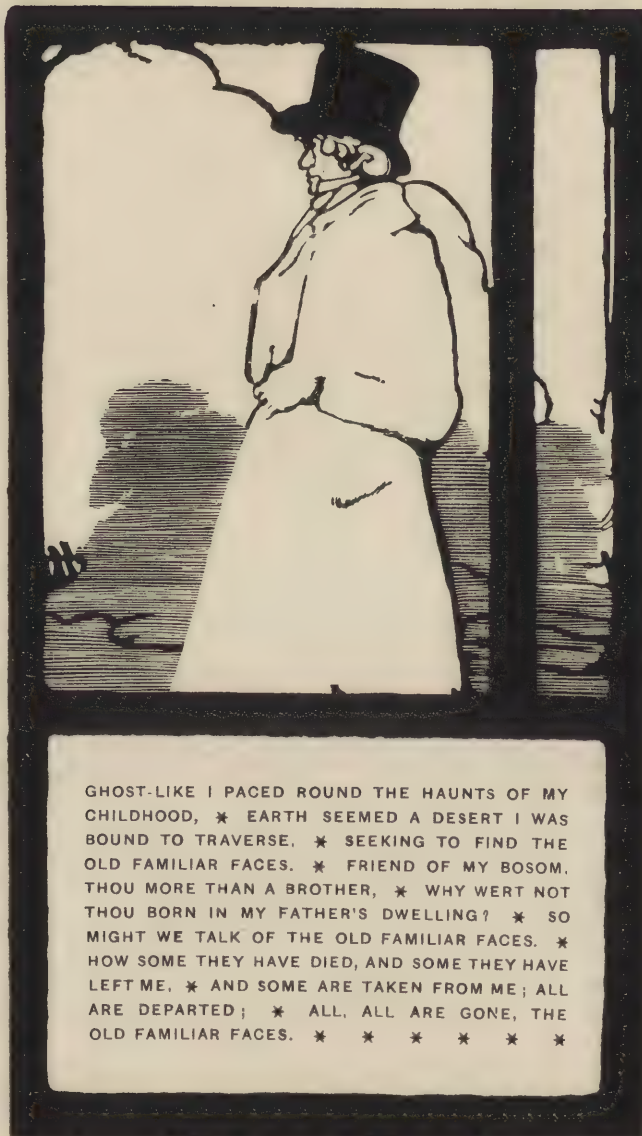
gin it,—Ding, Dong, bell. bell.

rit *1^o* *2^e*

rit *a tempo*







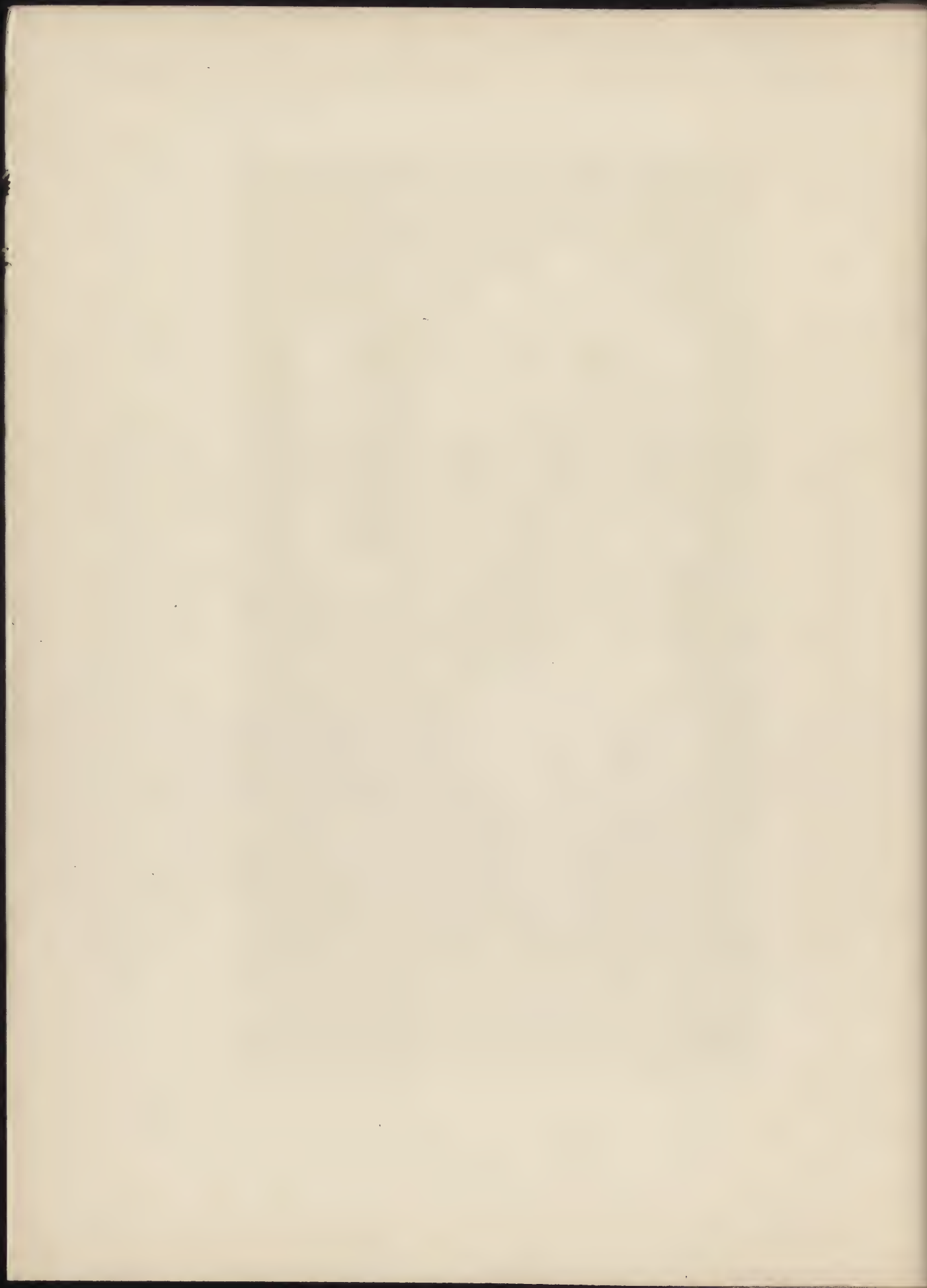
GHOST-LIKE I PACED ROUND THE HAUNTS OF MY
CHILDHOOD, * EARTH SEEMED A DESERT I WAS
BOUND TO TRAVERSE. * SEEKING TO FIND THE
OLD FAMILIAR FACES. * FRIEND OF MY BOSOM,
THOU MORE THAN A BROTHER, * WHY WERT NOT
THOU BORN IN MY FATHER'S DWELLING? * SO
MIGHT WE TALK OF THE OLD FAMILIAR FACES. *
HOW SOME THEY HAVE DIED, AND SOME THEY HAVE
LEFT ME, * AND SOME ARE TAKEN FROM ME; ALL
ARE DEPARTED; * ALL, ALL ARE GONE, THE
OLD FAMILIAR FACES. * * * * *





THE LACQUEY.

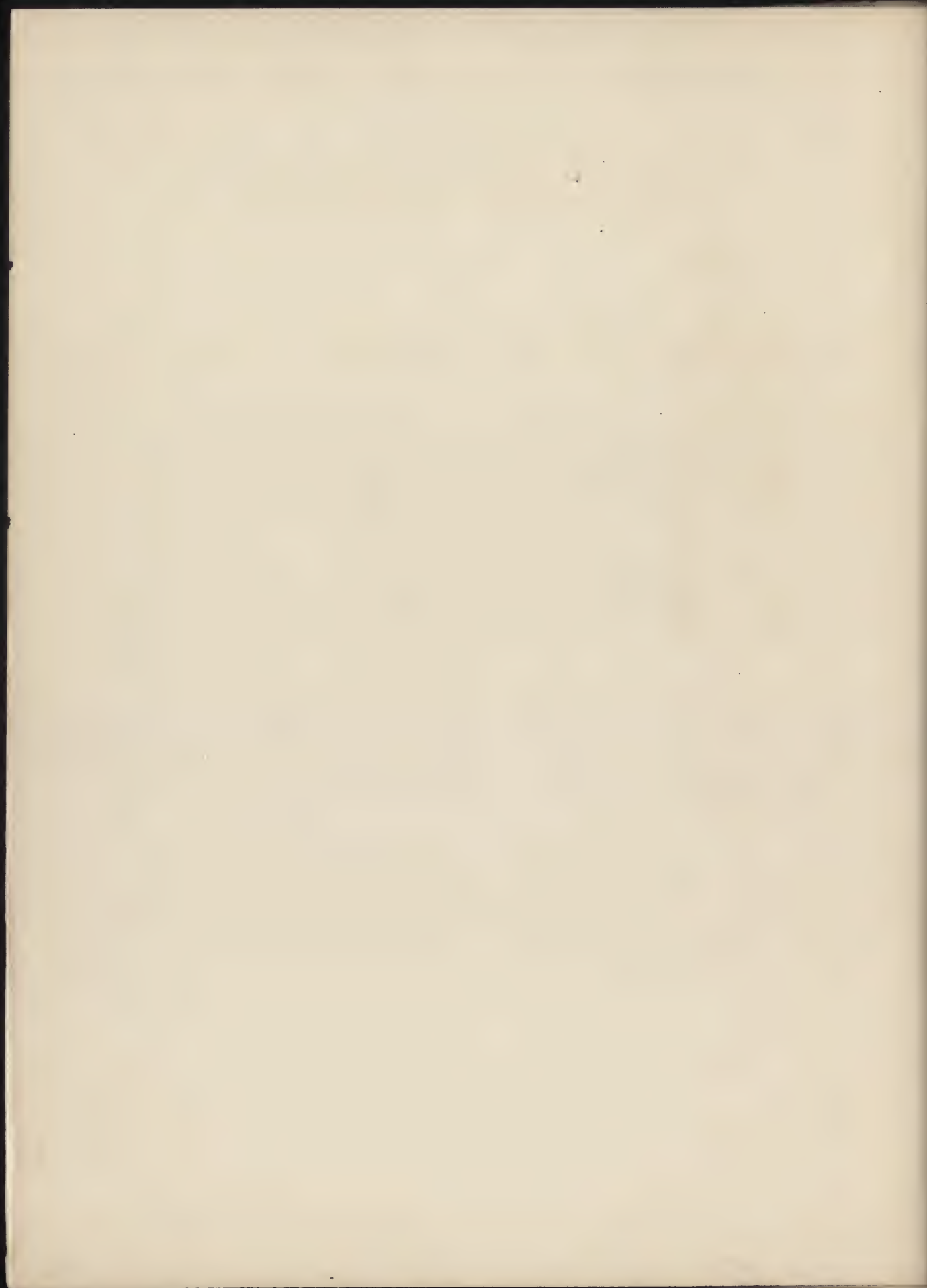
DESIGNED & ENGRAVED BY EDWARD GORDON CRAIG.





MAJUBA HILL.

G. C.



Announcements.



WOOD BLOCKS. Lacey Evans Red Lion Court, Fleet Street, London, sells the wood blocks on which to engrave pictures. All sizes. All shapes. The best and the cheapest. Most of the woodcuts in "The Page" have been engraved on box wood bought from ♣ ♣ ♣
 ♣ LACEY EVANS, 7 Red Lion Court, Fleet Street, E.C.



THE PURCELL OPERATIC SOCIETY. This Society has been formed with the initial purpose of reviving the works of Purcell, Orne, Handel, Gluch, etc. ♣ The first production will be Purcell's "Dido and Aeneas," to be given on three consecutive evenings in the Spring, 1900. No pains will be spared to make these performances complete in every way. ♣ ♣ ♣ ♣ ♣ ♣



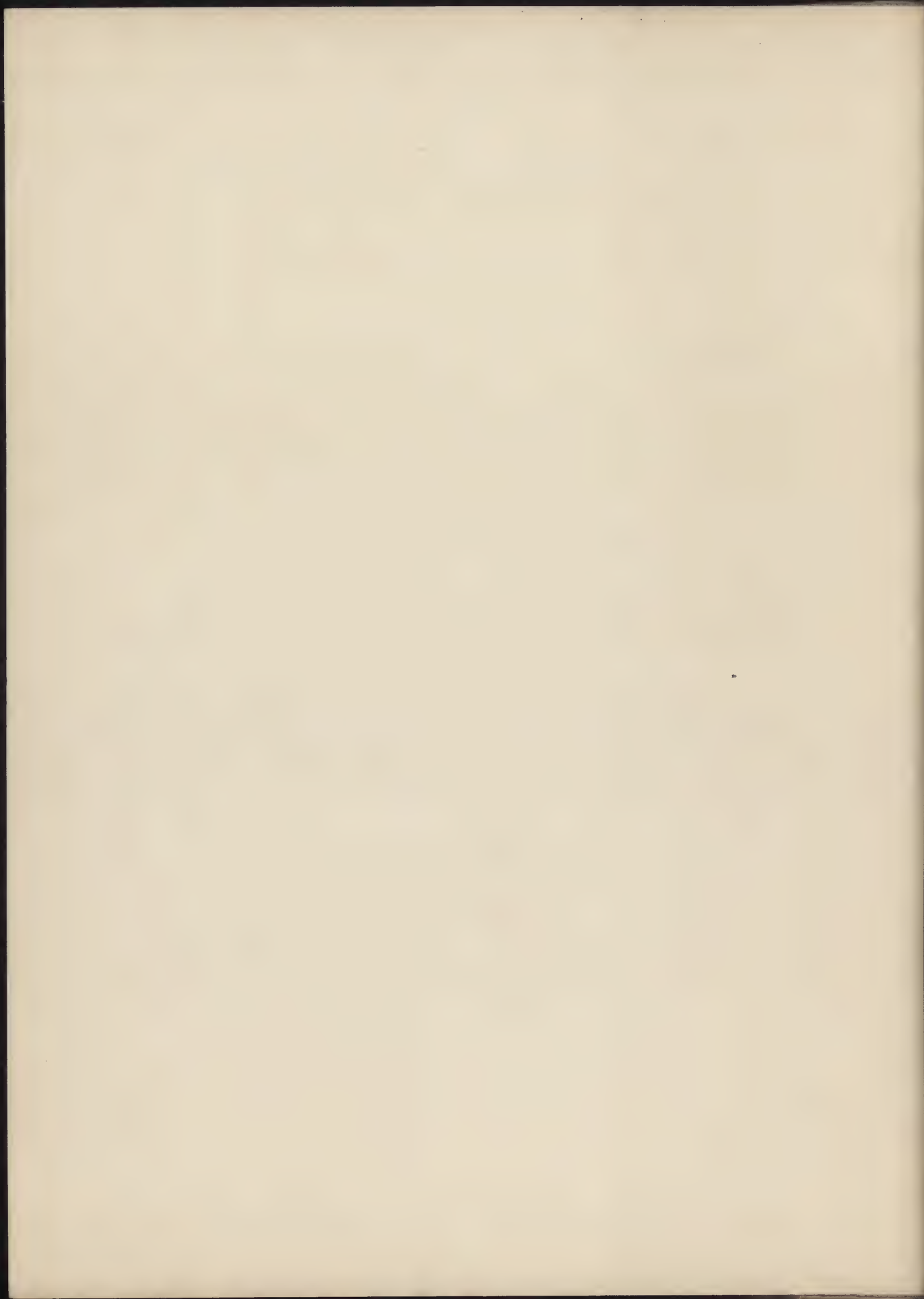
THE PURCELL OPERATIC SOCIETY is limited to 250 Members, and the annual subscription is One Guinea, entitling members to three seats. 300 seats will be reserved for members at each performance, and will be allotted in order of application. ♣ ♣
Musical Director, Martin Fallas Shaw. ♣ ♣
Stage Director, Edward Gordon Craig. ♣ ♣ ♣
 For further particulars apply to the Editor "The Page."



"THE PAGE" FOR 1899. ♣ **EDITION DE LUXE.** Twelve Large Paper Copies have been printed, Six of which are still for sale. ♣ In this Edition all the Engravings are printed from the original Wood Blocks on fine paper, mounted on cardboard, coloured by hand, and bound in a specially-designed cover by Oliver Bath. ♣



MISS EDITH CRAIG has the pleasure to announce that she has made arrangements for undertaking the designing and execution of *Theatrical Costumes*. ♣ Correct designs to the smallest detail can be submitted, and the very lowest estimates given. Miss Edith Craig, 4, Whitehall Court, W., London. ♣ ♣ ♣ ♣ ♣

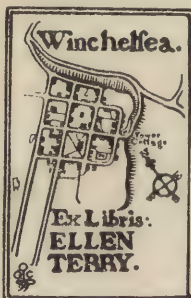




REMEMBER ♣ That *The Page* has been a commercial success and enters its third year of existence in 1900. ♣ That single copies of *The Page* are not sold. That a Specimen Number of *The Page* has been specially prepared containing wood engravings, portraits, hand-coloured plates, book-plates, etc., from *The Page*, 1898-1899. ♣ This is now for sale price 3/6. ♣ ♣

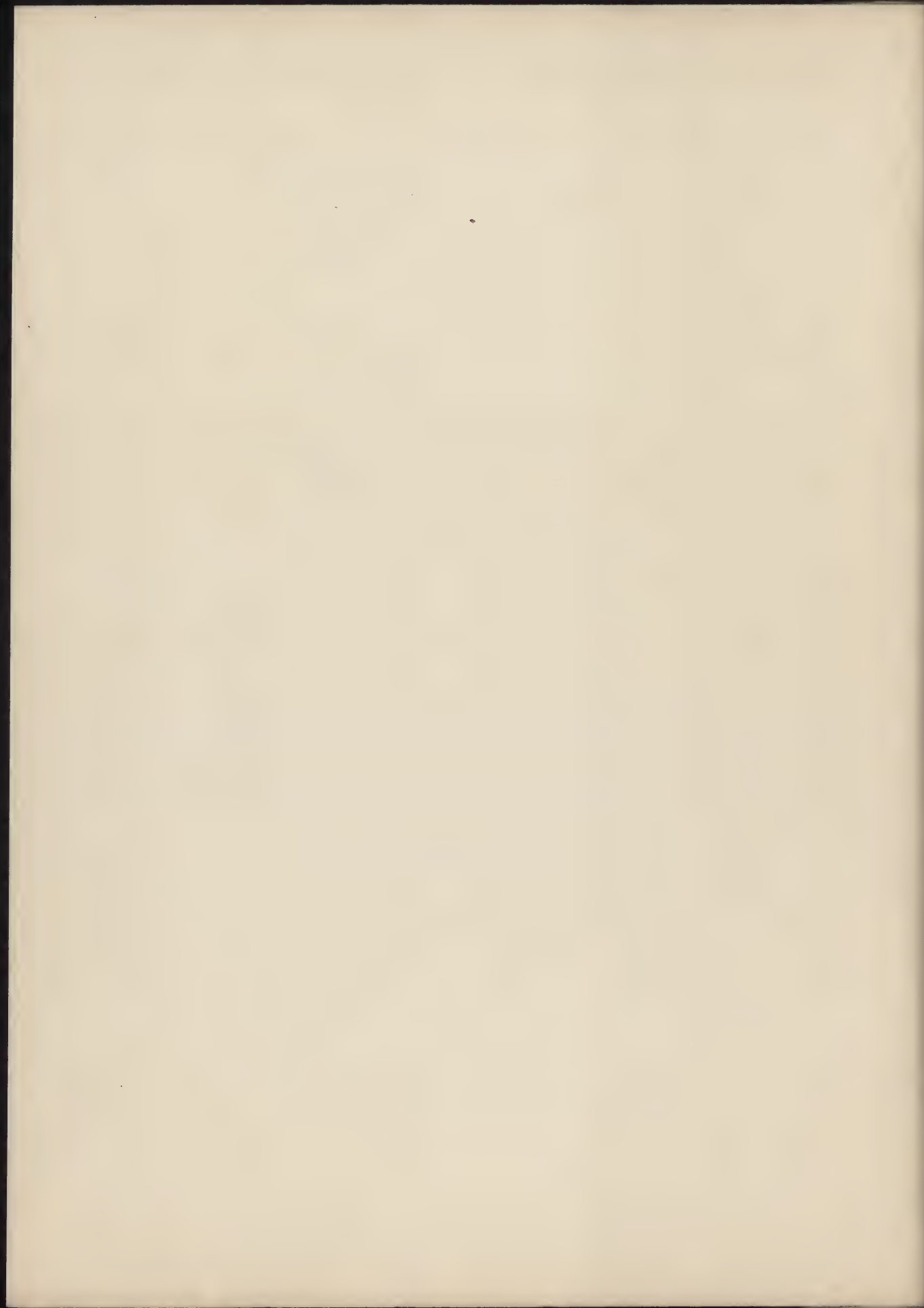


GORDON CRAIG'S BOOK OF PENNY TOYS.
Published at the Sign of the Rose, Hackbridge, Surrey, 1899. ♣ The Hand-coloured Drawings in this book, already announced in the October number of *The Page* (1898) are designed, cut on wood and published by Gordon Craig. ♣ There are Twenty Original Colour Drawings of the most representative English, Dutch, or German Wooden Toys. ♣ And Twenty verses ♣ ♣



BOOKPLATES. *Designed, Engraved and Printed at the Sign of the Rose, Hackbridge, Surrey.* ♣
Prices on application. ♣ ♣ ♣ ♣ ♣ ♣
TO COLLECTORS OF EX LIBRIS LABELS.
Ex Libris, Miss Ellen Terry, four designs, 5/- coloured; 3/- uncoloured. For a single copy, 1/6. These cannot be obtained elsewhere. A set of forty-five Bookplates, by Gordon Craig, some hand-coloured, ONE GUINEA. ♣





THE PAGE. ♣ PRESS OPINIONS.

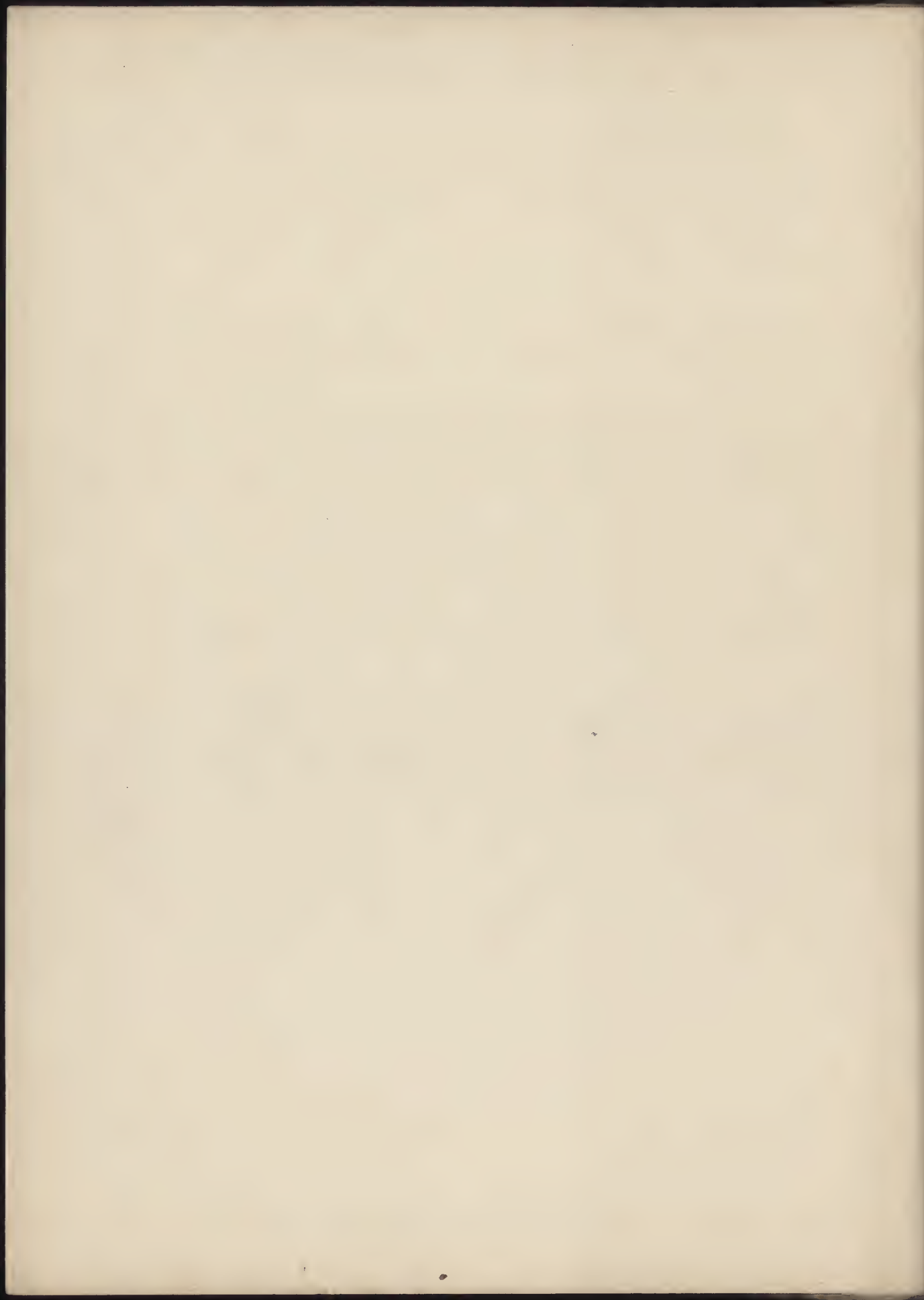
Mr. HAL DANE in ST. PAULS.—To announce that a new illustrator has come amongst us calls for stern proofs. Yet Gordon Craig promises to be such a man . . . I would advise all lovers of the glorious black and white art of to-day to secure the quarterly volumes of this year's *The Page* for their collections. They teem with good things . . . ♣ ♣ ♣ ♣ ♣ ♣ ♣ ♣ ♣

Mr. JOSEPH PENNELL in THE STAR.—*The Page* . . . is as amusing as ever with its wood blocks by Mr. Craig and Mr. Oliver Bath . . . it is published, I should say, chiefly for the amusement of Mr. Gordon Craig. And there is no question he does amuse himself with it, and that is why he amuses me . . . he always brings to the work a gaiety which is refreshing, and I for one am always glad to see his little brown-covered "*Page*."

THE LADY.—A quarterly has lately come into my hands, called *The Page* with an admirable design and lettering on the cover, cut in wood, by the Editor and Proprietor, Mr. Gordon Craig. *The Page*, has been in existence some time, but acquaintance with it, when it appeared monthly, was of necessity confined to a few people, as only a strictly limited number of copies were printed. As a quarterly, there is no reason why *The Page* should not reach a larger public. If it does, it will teach them that the day of the one worker is not dead, in spite of the forces which have worked for his destruction. For *The Page*, although it does not disdain outside help, owes its existence to the labour of one man. Mr. Gordon Craig is proprietor of *The Page*; he edits it, he sub-edits it, he art-edits it. He is his own illustrator, very often he is his own verse-writer and story-teller. The printing of his journal is done under his eye, he is responsible for the woodcuts, coloured by hand, which give originality to its pages. Other journals may suffer a shock from the loss of an important contributor or a change in their staff; but owing to the highly developed system of differentiation, to which I have alluded in a foregoing paragraph, under which they come, they bob up again, be the shock never so damaging. *The Page* has nothing to do with any system. It has to with a man. If Mr. Gordon Craig left the staff of *The Page*—well, there would be no staff left, and no *Page*. The current number is an exceptionally good one, displaying as much careful work as talent. ♣ ♣ ♣ ♣ ♣ ♣ ♣ ♣ ♣

THE MORNING POST.—Admirably printed . . . This singular production . . . several examples of clever work . . . pleasing . . . commendable . . . something original . . . ♣ ♣ ♣ ♣ ♣ ♣ ♣

THE OUTLOOK —*The Page* . . . is quaintly produced, and both in appearance and contents is vastly different to the enterprises of the Philistine. Mr. Gordon Craig is unworldly in a worldly age; but, besides "holding aloft the banner of the ideal," he can cut wood blocks that have a decided artistic value . . . *The Page* is a delight to the collector . . . a most diverting medley. ♣ ♣ ♣



THE ECHO.—... A dainty periodical called *The Page*. * * *
 THE GLOBE.—We have a picture of "Ophelia"; another of "Coq
 Cyrano," another of Sir Henry Irving as "Robespierre" (particularly
 good) ... all showing the artist's natural tendency to the theatre.
 IL MONDO ARTISTICO, MILAN.—*The Page* is a publication which
 would not fail to prosper in any but a northern country. Original,
 bizarre, and exquisite—interesting and gay. * * *
 DE VLAAMSE SCHOOL, ANTWERP.—*The Page* is the most singular
 publication of the present day. * * *
 LORD BYRON writes: "History with all her volumes vast hast
 but one Page." * * *

ANNOUNCEMENT.

THE PAGE for 1900 will consist of two parts, each
 part being double the size of the 1899 numbers, and
 will contain a quantity of Woodcuts, hand-coloured
 Plates, Songs, Portraits, Bookplates, etc. Two very
 valuable Scrap Books, belonging to Dante Gabriel
 Rossetti and Charles Reade, will form the subject of
 some interesting articles. These will be illustrated
 by cuttings from the said books. Rossetti's Scrap
 Book contains many original pen-and-ink sketches,
 and valuable prints. ♣ The Charles Reade Scrap
 Book is a most amusing thing, and exhibits
 Charles Reade in his most serio-comic mood, when
 pondering stage effects and the way to obtain them (?)
 There will be a contribution by Miss Ellen Terry;
 a one act play by Oliver Madox Hueffer; a song by
 Martin Fallas Shaw; and other contributions by
 Edward Arden, Oliver Bath, Gordon Craig, and others.

ALL COMMUNICATIONS TO BE ADDRESSED GORDON CRAIG,
 SIGN OF THE ROSE, HACKBRIDGE, SURREY, ENGLAND.
 THIS VOLUME OF PAGES I AGAIN LOVINGLY DEDICATE TO E.T.
 THIS LINE BRINGS VOLUME TWO TO A CLOSE. * * *



SPECIAL 87-S
PERIOD 1155
NE
1600
P13
Vol. 2
no. 4
1899

THE GETTY CENTER
LIBRARY

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED. * * * * *
OFFICE: AT THE SIGN OF THE ROSE, *
HACKBRIDGE, SURREY, ENGLAND. *
ARTHUR CHILVER, PRINTER, * * *
6, SNOW HILL, LONDON. FEB. 8TH, 1900.
410 COPIES PRINTED, 400 ONLY FOR SALE.
THE NUMBER OF THIS COPY IS 160 *